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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE FRONT PAGE

Portfolio Shuffle

THE creation of a new independent portfolio of External Affairs—hitherto an attachment of the Prime Minister's office—has made it possible for Mr. King to effect a sort of promotion of all three of the bright young men who have been rising into prominence and responsibility since the establishment of the parliamentary secretary system several years ago. The transfer of Mr. St. Laurent (whom we are not including in the bright young men, though not for any lack of brightness) from Justice enabled the veteran Mr. Ilsley to move from Finance to a much less arduous department with no appearance of demotion. Finance gives Mr. Abbott what is in many ways the second most important post in the cabinet. Mr. Abbott relinquishes to Mr. Claxton a Defence Department which is immensely enhanced in importance by the re-combining of the three branches of the armed services into a single ministry. And Mr. Martin (who has had so much conspicuous work to do in connection with External Affairs prior to Mr. St. Laurent taking over that the relative unimportance of his office as Secretary of State has tended to be forgotten) gets into one of the big jobs as Minister of Health. All three men have been successful in their previous tasks and have the good will of the country so far as they are personally concerned.

The policy of changing Ministers around has certain great advantages, one of which unquestionably explains Mr. King's resort to it in this juncture. It makes it vastly easier for a Department to change its whole approach to its major problems. Certain retreats from old positions are no doubt contemplated for the Finance Department; Mr. Ilsley could not make these retreats without being accused of inconsistency, but Mr. Abbott is in no way tied to the Ilsley doctrines. The retreats will probably occur not only in the program of taxation but also in the realm of Dominion-provincial relations, where a new face with a new smile may be able to achieve surprising results.

The Health and Welfare Department is still in its infancy, though it has been well tended so far by Mr. Claxton; the task of building it up to the needs of the modern concept of a national department of that kind will test Mr. Martin's mettle. But it is probably Mr. Claxton whose work will be watched with the liveliest interest. The whole theory of defence for Canada appears to be very much in the melting-pot, and what Mr. Claxton does in the next three years may affect the lives and interests of every human being in Canada for generations to come.

It is an interesting circumstance, and may not be without significance, that two of the bright young men are from the province of Quebec and are well esteemed by the French electors although not themselves French, and the third is an Ontario French Canadian. All three, that is, represent the minority element in their respective provinces.

New Governor

THE Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario is, all by himself, class 4 in the Dominion table of precedence. He ranks after the Governor General, the Prime Minister, and the other Dominion Ministers in order of their seniority. This is in federal affairs; in his own province and its provincial affairs he of course outranks everybody. This post has been held for an unprecedented length of time, with great acceptance, by the Hon. Albert Matthews, one of that not too common type, the successful business man with a great sense of public responsibility and much personal charm and dignity. Mr. Matthews is to be succeeded by another representative of the same type in the person of Mr. Ray Lawson of London, Ont.

The munificence of the Lawson family towards the causes of education and social welfare

(Continued on Page Five)

—Photo by Thornton Johnston

"Now-ell, Now-ell!" John and Barrie (two and four), children of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey Fraser, Toronto.

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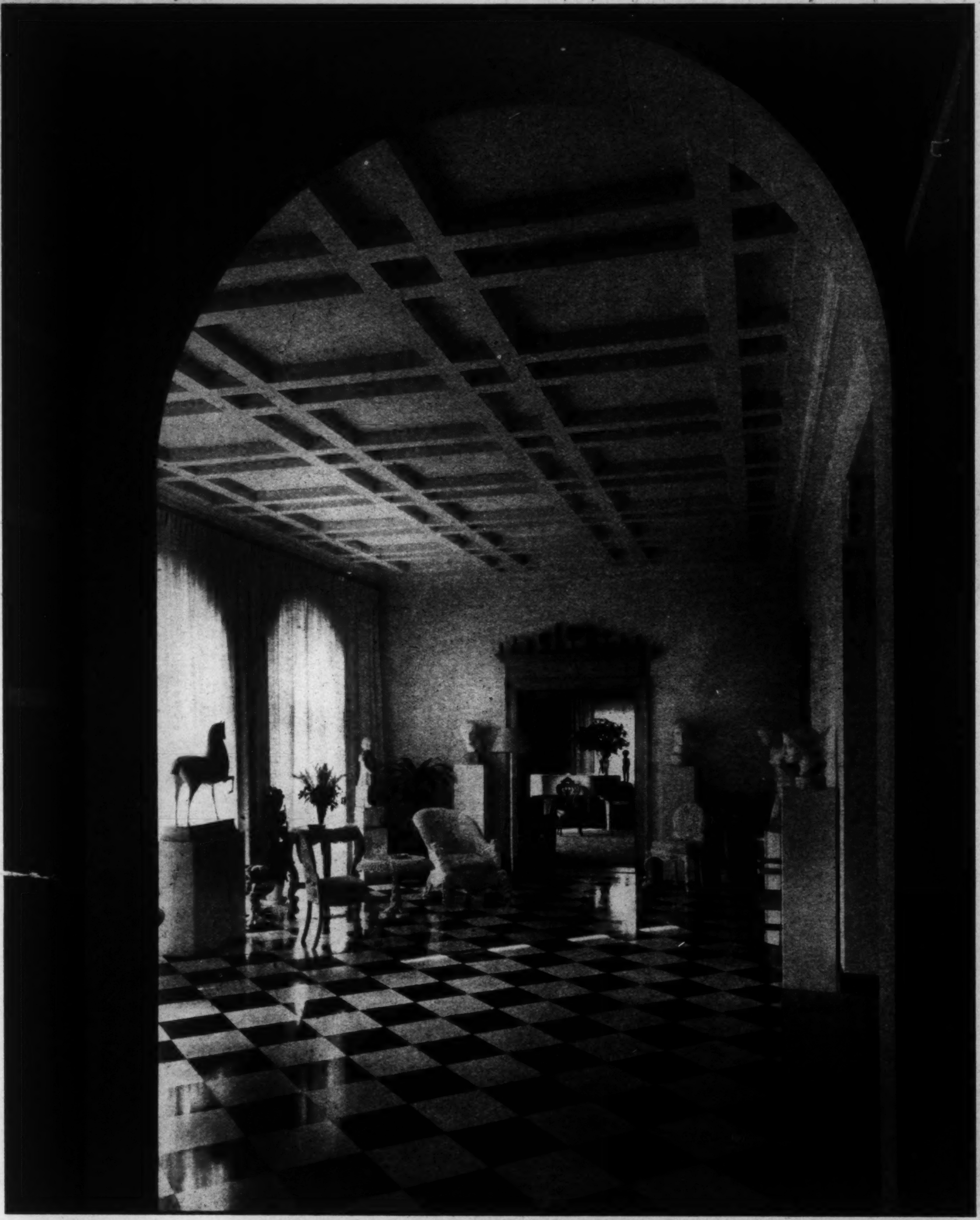
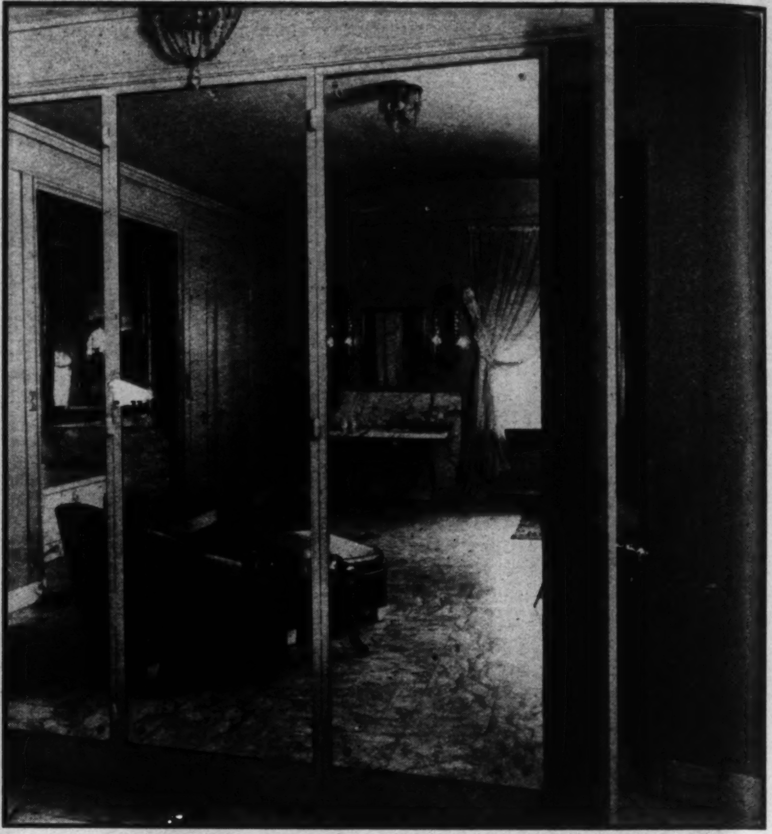
Living On a Princely Scale in Old Manhattan



In the foyer of the penthouse apartment of Prince and Princess Gourielli walls and ceiling are white, the sheer curtains white. White East Indian carved teakwood furniture and pure white sculpture are used effectively.



In these full-length triple mirrors is a reflection of a luxurious bathroom, marble-floored and gold-fitted.

In the chintz-brightened sitting room interest centres in cabinets that display a big array of unique curios.

In the dining room a colorful English china rooster and a Persian iron and silver bird rest on French carved gilt consoles, with ornate Venetian mirrors above.

On the wall of the living room is a Picasso—one of many original paintings in the apartment—and beneath are two unusual Early American carved chairs.

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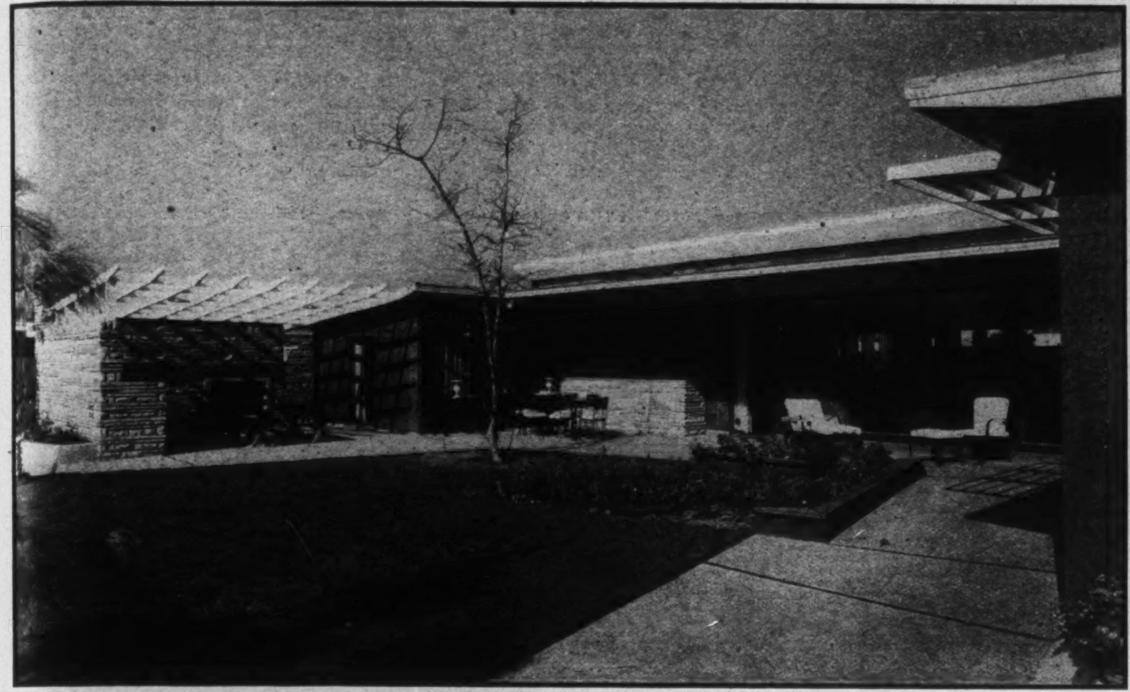
Living in Los Angeles in An Ultra-Modern Home



The close relationship of indoors and out which marks the modern conception of the home is exemplified in this rear view of the house with patio and a pergola-topped barbecue.

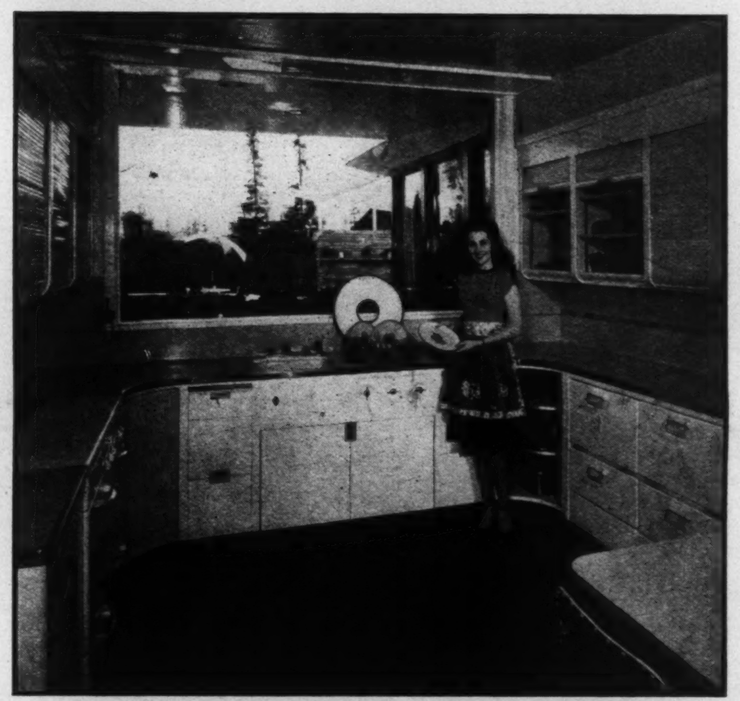
A radio, a record-changer, a home-recorder and a television set are housed to flank the massive fireplace which dominates one wall of the living room.

Behind the cabinets clothes are washed, rinsed, damp-dried and ironed, vegetables and frozen fruits stored.

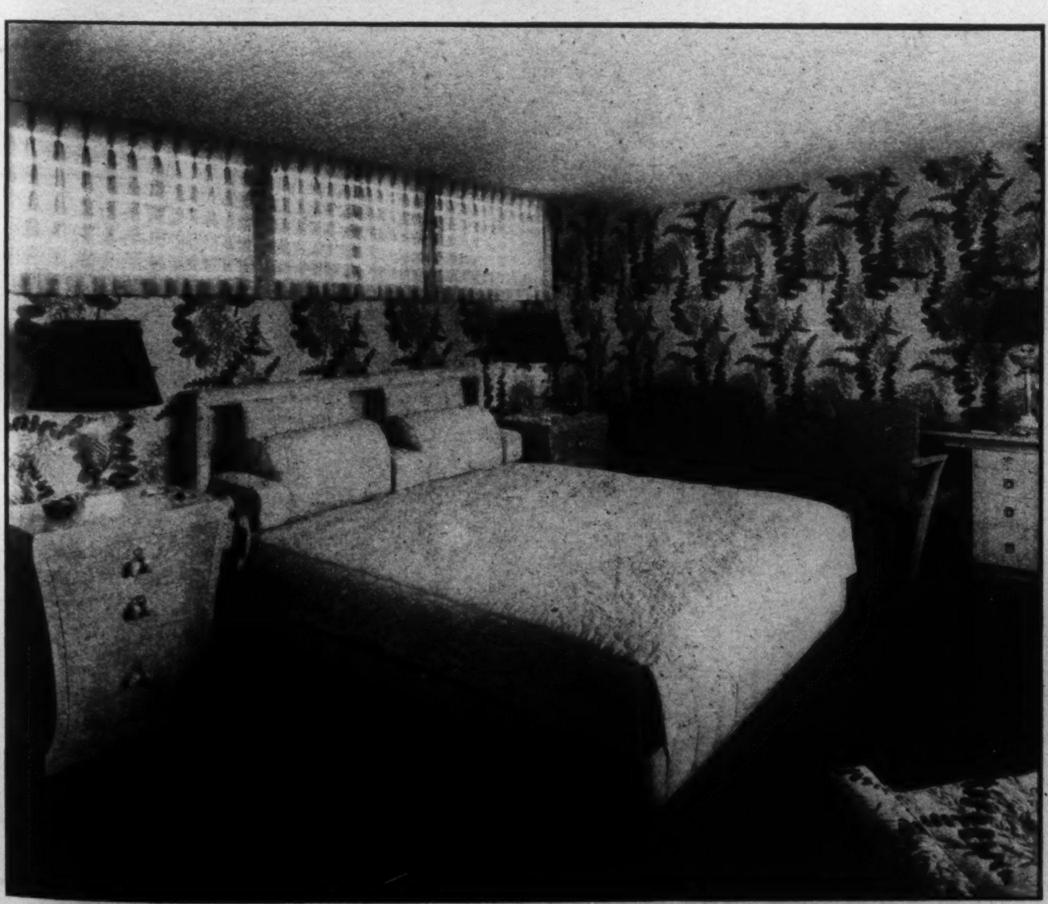
By Collier Stevenson

PERHAPS some of us still vaguely recall dreams of once much-vaunted "castles in Spain" — but who now really would want the grandest castle in that Franco-ridden land? Fortunately, for the possibly over-rated glamour of a castle, it is not necessary to go to Spain or anywhere else in Europe; architects and decorators on this side of the Atlantic are creating homes, which, though without legendary backgrounds, have just as imposing as, certainly more livable qualities than many an ancient European castle. And, by way of irrefutable evidence, there is the New York apartment portrayed on the opposite page which Prince and Princess Gourielli, the latter better known as Madame Helena Rubinstein, have acquired.

Not everyone is as appreciative of traditional influence as are the Prince and Princess. Any number of people, instead, are enamored with the sort of home pictured on this page, a type that expresses and caters in free terms to a simplified mode of life which has become more or less symbolic of this continent, of this mid-century era. We still may be seeking for a truly descriptive term, inclined to settle on "contemporary", when we attempt to differentiate the architectural and decorative concepts of today from those of the past. The resultant interpretive sort of a home, however, undoubtedly is responsive to a growing taste for uncluttered line, clarity of color, simple dècor, functional efficiency, adaptability to varied uses, irrespective of descriptive term.



Talk about modern convenience! Here is a food preparation centre, with range, dish-washer and refrigerator.



Comfort for two is the keynote in the treatment of the master bedroom. Note, for instance, those arm rests for reading which slide back when not required.

—PHOTOS—COLUMBIA NEWS SERVICE.

And this is the barbecue! Its equipment includes a gas refrigerator, a charcoal broiler, an electric spit, a grill, an oven—who could ask for more?

DEAR MR. EDITOR

If Housing Socialization Comes, Keep It on a Municipal Basis

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOU draw attention in the Nov. 30 issue not only to the ill-effect of present housing and rental control, in increasing the maldistribution of housing accommodation, but to the injustice of depriving the owners of rented housing of some of their property rights. You then go on to suggest that more justice would be obtained by adopting a system of allocating housing accommodation. Others suggest that the answer to the whole thing is for the Government to provide subsidized housing for our poorer citizens.

I am unable to see any distinction, as a matter of justice, between depriving A of some of the rental which he could obtain for his house from B, ordering A to share his house with B, or taxing A to provide a house for B.

The problem is really quite simple. It is one of whether the provision of housing for citizens, not in accordance with their ability to pay for it, but in keeping with their needs, is or is not the function of the state. If, like sidewalks and sewers, housing is the sort of service which should be provided by the public authorities, then we must move by degrees to the ownership of our residential property by public authorities, and the allocation of it on an equal basis of so many cubic feet per capita. There would only remain the question of whether this socialization of all housing should be on a municipal, provincial or Dominion basis.

I believe that it would be necessary to keep it on a municipal basis, if it is adopted, since, otherwise, it would be difficult to deal with the problem of farm housing, for the farm house is a place of business as well as residence, and Canadian socialists refuse to consider public ownership of farms, or, at least, to admit that they would ever consider this.

The alternative is, of course, merely to follow the custom which has prevailed since the first European built a house in Canada, and to permit people to build their own houses, or houses to rent or sell to others, at their own risk.

There is every reason, of course, for immediate emergency action to provide temporary housing, in view of the suspension of residential building during the War. But if we are to go beyond that, I should like to point out that there will be no convenient stopping place short of socializing the provision of housing, in which case socialist theory requires that the provision should be on an equal basis, in accordance with the need of the recipient, and not with his ability to pay.

Clearly, there is no possible way in which a socialist state, or a socialist municipality, can successfully draw a line of income below which there is a right to the enjoyment of other people's property in respect of housing, without setting up intolerable political and social stresses.

Incidentally, please do not quote in answer the so-called success of Britain in providing housing by public expenditures between the two wars. This was done at the expense of such unwise economy in defence measures that, as a direct result, the U.K. lost more housing during World War II than it had built after World War I.

Montreal, Que. P. C. ARMSTRONG

Journalism in Montreal

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR article on the "Montreal Community and the Montreal Newspaper Press" hits the nail on the head.

How you, who presumably live in Toronto, can explain the newspaper situation in Montreal so succinctly and yet so precisely when the editors of the Montreal English newspapers seem to miss the point every day of the week, is quite amazing. Perhaps our editors in Montreal are too close to the problem to give it a disinterested and broad-minded consideration.

Those of us in Montreal who are truly bilingual and read both the French and English editorials are often shocked at the lack of understanding and the persistence in misunderstanding of the most elementary problems in Quebec by the editors of our two English Language newspapers.

We are looking forward with interest, and an open mind, to the editorial policies of Mr. Ferguson. The *Gazette*, we fear, is beyond help.

Montreal, Que. MONTREAL SUBSCRIBER

Shocking Mug

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

AFTER seeing the portraits of so many famous and distinguished men grace the Front Page of SATURDAY NIGHT, it was a distinct shock to see the ugly mug of that selfish and notorious John L. Lewis occupying the place of honor in the Dec. 7 issue of your excellent paper.

Saint John, N.B. G. G. HARE

Political Alphabet

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

EVERYONE concerned in collecting, editing, commenting upon or reading news about international affairs must be concerned with the lack of antithetic expressions defining the two types of government organizations which presently exist in the world. The words "democracy," "capitalism," "socialism" and even "communism" have become so worn by the waves of ideology crashing on the rocks of prejudice as to have lost all real content, though the word "totalitarianism" still retains some meaning. The antithesis East vs. West is geographically misleading. The two types of government organizations are, on the one hand, those in which political opposition is permitted (so that an alternative government is available in case public opinion changes) and, on the other hand, those in which political opponents are liquidated.

If we adopted the prevalent fashion of initials, the two types could be distinguished by using for the first the initials "POP" and for the second "POL," the latter of which would include, for example, both Spain and Russia. Mnemonically these short words are not too bad, since in the countries to which the first applies the most fantastic proposals may at any time pop up and obtain publicity, while in the second type the police prevent this. Whether the Spanish or the Russian government ideology is to be preferred may be of the first importance from a domestic point of view, but I cannot see that it makes the slightest difference in the international sphere.

It would be interesting to know whether the Labor Progressive Party program contemplates the liquidation of its opponents or not and the pundits could usefully discuss in which category the present Argentine and Chinese Governments fall.

Ottawa, Ont. O. M. BIGGAR

"Pygmalion" Demerits

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

"YOU wait," I said to the friend who had accompanied me to the recent performance of "Pygmalion". "Just you wait till SATURDAY NIGHT comes out. There's a paper that's not afraid to criticize famous actresses. There's a paper that never throws undeserved bouquets." My friend disagreed. He contended that, although certain New York critics had suggested that Miss Lawrence was somewhat out of her element in the role of Eliza Doolittle, she was far too famous to be criticized adversely by any Toronto paper.

I did not altogether like the gleam in my friend's eye as he handed me the issue of Nov. 30, carefully opened at the theatre page. The deeper I dipped into Lucy Van Gogh's article on "Pygmalion", the more deflated I became, and the more smug became the expression on my friend's face. My deflation turned to amazement when I discovered that your critic, rather than pen a single uncomplimentary word concerning Miss Lawrence's performance, laid the blame for certain imperfections on the doorstep of poor old Bernard Shaw himself.

The fact remains that Miss Lawrence as a dirty London guttersnipe, Miss Lawrence as a lovely society belle, and Miss Lawrence at the awkward half-way mark between these two extremes, was nothing more or less than Miss Gertrude Lawrence, a clever portrayer of witty drawing-room comedy, who, in spite of your critic's generous statement to the contrary, endeavored to steal the limelight from her supporting cast. Her cockney accent was as feeble as her would-be hysterics. The last scene dragged dismally, simply because she had to take time out before nearly every speech to simper, pout or pose to the gallery. Some of the pauses were so long that I expected at any moment to hear the sibilant voice of the prompter.

But perhaps I'm wrong about the whole thing. After all, how could Mr. Shaw, the silly old fool, reasonably expect a busy actress to be a raucous, cockney flower-girl in the first scene, and then, not an hour later, to appear on the stage as a well-mannered, softly-spoken society belle? And besides, what do we moderns care about true characterization, so long as the leading lady has a nice figure and knows how to use it to advantage?

Oakville, Ont. H. C. HARDWICK

A Job as Property

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. A. B. CARPENTER makes the problem of human property values as opposed to material property values as simple as ABC in your issue of November 23. By referring to the right of a workman to his job as an "absurdity" and a "novelty," he would have us believe that any such conception is entirely illogical and consequently should be dismissed arbitrarily if we do not wish to be led "straight into socialism of some kind."

Personally, I adhere to the belief that an economic planning program, as asked by organized labor, would be far less costly in the end, than our present series of labor-capital battles in which the issues are decided by economic power. I also take exception to the word "absurdity" (but not "novelty") in describing the consideration of the right of a man to his job, as "property."

It is a matter of opinion. If a man earns his living by working, then he probably considers his job as property, in much the same way as does the capitalist who gets his livelihood from property or securities' ownership. He also probably feels that his Union should try to protect this property, just as the property of the capitalist is protected. Until legislation preventing strikebreaking is passed, he will no doubt continue in this opinion.

Hamilton, Ont. H. GRIFFIN

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

REAR Admiral Richard E. Byrd says of Antarctica that "it is the most peaceful and quiet place on the face of the earth where no woman has ever set foot." And the other reason is that it has no standing in the United Nations.

•

From Nanking, General Marshall reports that following long negotiation, all hopes for an agreement between Chinese Nationalists and the Reds are now regarded as "blasted." This, of course, returns the situation to normal.

•

A Washington news item states that Federal convicts have volunteered to aid U.S. scientists in experiments to trap the common cold germ. Personally, we never seem to have the slightest difficulty in trapping the wretched little beast.

•

Going Up

A columnist writes that after investigating the Christmas toy situation, she is happy to see that "science is in the ascendancy and Junior can even have something atomic." With the exciting chance that Junior will follow in the same general direction.

•

Writing to the London *Times* on the decline of pulpit oratory, a clergyman suggests that every diocese should possess a speech-recording apparatus, and every clergyman be compelled to listen to his own sermons at least once a year. Apparently he favors the general principle that the punishment fit the crime.

A correspondent wants to know if he can make any deductions on account of income tax for valuables lost by burglary. It is possible that some relief might be forthcoming provided satisfactory receipts from the marauders are enclosed with his return.

•

A newspaper poll reveals that married men are happier than bachelors, which is an indication that it is not always wise to judge by appearances.

•

A psychologist declares that the mental age of the average radio listener in North America is 12 years, but he does not commit himself on the mental age of the average commercial radio sponsor.

•

Say It With Music

The manuscript of Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite", stolen nearly half a century ago, has been discovered among rolls of wallpaper which were being hung on apartment walls. Strangely enough, we've often wondered if the wallpaper hanging in our own apartment could be played on the piano.

•

Surely the lovely Hollywood star who has just married the same man for the third time is now entitled to have him for keeps.

•

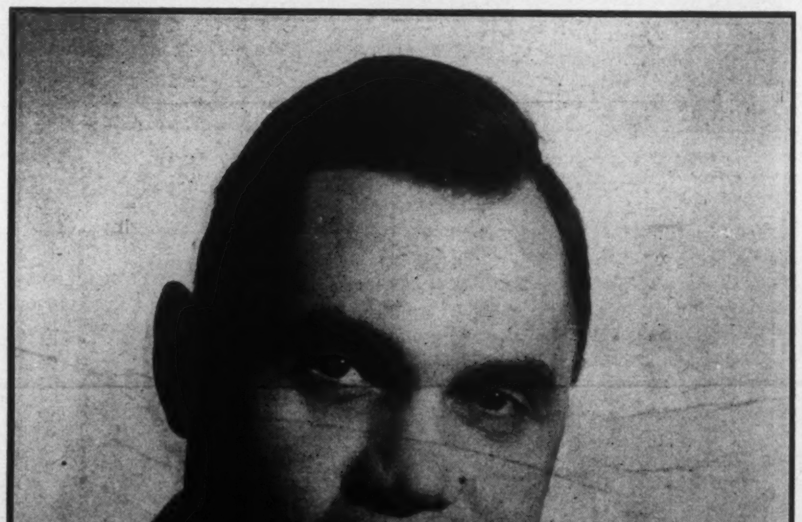
An article in a current magazine:

"CAN A VEGETARIAN ENJOY CHRISTMAS?"

Most of 'em are probably nuts about it.

•

A Peterborough, Ont., newspaper tells the story of a lady, aged 96, who attributes her longevity to the fact that she "has never been bothered by a man." After weighing the matter carefully, our niece Ettie has decided that the price is too high.



A new portrait of 37-year-old Dr. O. M. Solandt, Director-General of Defence Research at National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa. Appointed last January, Dr. Solandt's job is to organize Canada's scientific forces in coordination with her other defences so as to be capable of quick expansion in wartime. This is the first time that science has been put on an equal basis with other defence departments.

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The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

in their own part of the country is well known. It is probably not so well known that few business men have been more serious students of the problems of the relations between industry, finance, labor and politics than he has, or have given sounder or more progressive leadership in the business community. He is a man of great energy and activity, and the one surprising thing about the appointment is that at the early age of sixty he is willing to forego that part of his activity which will be incompatible with his gubernatorial duties. For years there have been few men in Canada spending more time in the air, flying from business appointment to business appointment. As Lieutenant-Governor he will obviously have to stay put a good deal more continuously.

Veteran Sportsman

THE death last week of A. G. B. Claxton, K.C., father of the new Minister of Defence, removes not only a well known citizen but a valuable source of information and reminiscence concerning the Montreal of the closing years of the last century. We have already published some of Mr. Claxton's memories of those days,

CAROL FOR THE BOMB ERA

"And suddenly there was with the Messenger a multitude of the soldiery of Heaven."

"SEE, see the airy choir
Whose radiant anthem fills
The bright embattled sky with fire
Above the echoing hills!"

Under their wings ablaze
The sudden Star appears,
Thundering a hymn of peace and praise
In men's incredulous ears.

The startled Shepherds run
Stumbling along the steep;
Too bright for human eye this Sun
New risen on their sleep.

The trembling air is still;
Dark grows the night, and late.
Through all the earth men of good will
The promised peace await,

And strive through strife's increase
In the world's peace to live,
Counting a little thing that peace
Which the world cannot give.

L. A. MacKay

(Note: The above translation of Luke, Chap. 2, verse 13, is closer to the original than the Authorized Version, "the heavenly host," which does not necessarily suggest a military body. The Vulgate reads "multitudo militiae caelestis" and the Greek is equally military.)

and have one or two other articles on hand which will appear shortly. The late Mr. Claxton was one of the great amateur sportsmen of Canada in the 'eighties and later, but he was also an extremely public-spirited citizen, whose interests in good works were very wide and were especially concerned with young people.

The Jew as Patriot

THERE is some significance for the fight against racism and particularly anti-Semitism in the publication, in the last issue of *Carnets Viatoriens* of Joliette, Que., of a very laudatory article on Abraham Gradis, a Jew of Bordeaux who is described, not without good ground, as "the most tenacious, best informed champion of the French Empire of the 18th century." The writer, Adrien Robitaille, insists on the point that Gradis was above all a good Frenchman, who "put his all into the fight for his fellow-countrymen."

Hitherto Canadian interest in the Jews who exercised an early influence upon the history of this part of North America has usually begun with Aaron Hart, who came to Canada in 1759 as a commissary in the British army, and whose life was written in 1938 by R. Douville. Gradis began his connection with Canada much earlier. Beginning in 1744 he sent his own ships to Canada with soldiers recruited by himself and provisions paid for by himself, and in 1748 he began a transatlantic service on a regular schedule. When war broke out he supplied fighting vessels to the number of twenty-six within a few months, but could not save the colony from its fate.

ARRIVAL OF FIRST CARGO AT INTERNATIONAL PORT OF TRIESTE

Copyright in All Countries

After its fall he performed one further great service, in giving evidence against Intendant Bigot and his associates which had the effect of bringing many of them to disgrace and banishment. He died in 1780, having been made a full French citizen for his services while his co-religionists were still debarred from that privilege, as they continued to be until 1789. Oddly enough Mr. Robitaille does not mention that that was the date of the French Revolution.

Yule and Calendars

AT SOME time during the month of January we shall be making our customary awards of Honorable Mentions (no cash and no medals) for the best (in our opinion) calendars of an advertising or propagandist character issued in Canada for the year 1947. We usually add a few kind words about exceptionally good calendars issued outside of Canada but having some circulation here. We hope that entrants in this competition will send us their entries somewhat more promptly than a year ago, when production conditions were such that many calendars did not come out until well into January.

Meanwhile we feel impelled to express admiration of the very beautiful Yuletide number of the International Harvester Employee Magazines, a most artistic piece of American designing and lithography. It will be of exceptional interest to Canadian recipients because it contains the Huron Indian Carol "Jesous Ahatonhia," the native words of which are attributed to Father Brébeuf. The translation used is that of our well known contributor J. E. Middleton, but is not credited, possibly because United States law gives Mr. Middleton no copyright protection.

Lincoln and Spence

MR. DREW is fortunate in possessing a reputation which makes it unlikely that anybody will accuse him of intentionally employing a forged Abraham Lincoln document to bolster up his argument for permitting the sale of spirituous liquors to be consumed on the premises instead of being taken home. That Mr. Drew unwittingly used a forged quotation is unfortunate, but certainly does not materially affect the case at issue, which is to be decided not by the opinions of deceased individuals however eminent but by the judgment of the people of Ontario in the next general election. (It will not of course be decided in any way by the vote of the municipal electors of Toronto on New Year's Day.)

The Rev. Ben Spence, who draws attention to the forgery, seeks to prove that Lincoln was actually a Prohibitionist. We shall not question the authenticity of Mr. Spence's quotations, other than to remark that they have a much less Lincolnian sound (in the matter of style) than the admitted forgery, and that they seem to have come to light rather a long time after their date of utterance. Both their lack of the Lincoln literary quality and their support of an extreme and intolerant policy can be sufficiently explained by the fact that they were uttered, according to Mr. Spence, in 1854, two years before their author moved over to the Republican party and four years before he became a national figure through his campaign against Douglas. Few men grew into statesmanship more rapidly than Lincoln did after 1858, and if there is any evidence that he remained a Prohibitionist after he became President Mr. Spence would do well to produce it.

He would do well to produce it, that is, if there is really a contest going on in Ontario between Prohibition and those who oppose it. We were not aware that there is, though we had suspected that some people would like it if there were. All of Mr. Spence's case is an argument for Prohibition. It has nothing to do with the question, which of two systems will produce the better results in a province which does not want Prohibition. On that question, people who believe that the nearer a system comes to total Prohibition the better it must be are just no help at all.

C.C.F. Discipline

WE ARE getting a little worried about the increasingly strict discipline which the C.C.F. is applying to its "party members," and which is getting more and more difficult to distinguish from the discipline imposed by that other three-letter party, the L.-P.P. Not that it is any of our business as yet, since we are not likely to want to become a member of either of those parties, and they do not, we believe, prohibit us from voting for them because we are not a member. But we might at some time or other find ourselves being governed by the C.C.F. party. Saskatchewan already is so governed. And we do not quite like the idea of being governed by a sort of private society which brings its members to heel by the most extraordinary methods and about the most extraordinary things.

The Ontario C.C.F., for example, decided at Hamilton last week that it would not allow in its membership any worker in a bargaining unit which has an accredited bargaining agent, if he refuses to join the union which acts as such agent. This means that union membership, and not only that but membership in a particular union, no matter how atrociously it may be run, becomes compulsory for every C.C.F. member in a bargaining unit. If you get out of the union you get out of the party. That may not be much of a blow while the party is in opposition, but in Saskatchewan it might be quite serious, and anyhow it is entirely undemocratic.

It may even be dangerous for the party, for unions have the power of expulsion, and on this principle a union executive can, by expelling him from the union on some trumped-up charge, expel also from the party some influential person whose policies it does not like, without any reference to the will of the party as a whole. The Minister of Labor in Saskatchewan is presumably a union member. If his union got peeved with him for trying to govern Saskatchewan in the general interest rather than that union's, he would cease to be a member of the party. Constitutionally this would not prevent him from being Minister of Labor, but Premier Douglas might have a dickens of a time keeping him so.

Nullification Courts

TO SOME correspondents who appear alarmed at the announcement of the establishment of ecclesiastical tribunals of the Roman Catholic Church at various points in Ontario to hear marriage nullification cases, we can only reply that these courts do not, so far as we can find, make any claim to have any civil effect for their findings. It is not unusual for religious bodies to maintain rules for the conduct of their members which have no effect in the civil law. The Church of England in Canada, for example, does not recognize divorces granted by the Senate of Canada or the prescribed Canadian courts; it does not exclude divorced persons from communion but will not allow a subsequent marriage to be performed by its clergy, but it does not claim that the divorced persons are still married in the sight of the law.

Owing to this lack of civil effect—a lack which Mr. Justice Forest has so extensively made good in the Montreal district,—we predict that the Ontario tribunals will not have any large amount of business to transact.

Plebiscite Subject

CERTAIN Orange Lodges have presented a brief to the Ontario Education Commission calling for the abolition of Separate Schools in the province. Since these schools are provided for by the B.N.A. Act the lodges are not likely to get much change out of the Commission. But here surely is a delightful subject for the City of Toronto to hold a plebiscite on in some year when there are no cocktail lounges to vote about. It has all the advantages. The vote would stir up a tremendous amount of feeling, and could have no possible legal effect, and the aldermen could claim, as they are doing about the cocktail lounges, that they have no opinions of their own and only one desire, to carry out the views of the Toronto electorate when they know what those views are.

THE PROFESSIONAL APPEAL

A GREY tycoon of Industry
Well-heeled, well-clothed, well-fed,
Smiled with serene vivacity
And this is what he said.
"I may remark ere we begin
This subject to unfold
I was a cub reporter in
The happy days of old."

A Bishop, truly gaitered, as
The Churchly laws decree,
Came to our office den to razz
The Editor—or me,
And said—a smile his visage kissed
Some sympathy to get—
"I used to be a journalist
On the Montreal *Gazette*."

A Sporting Man, a Senator,
An eminent K.C.,
A Bond and Trust Executor,
Unitedly agree
That once upon a time, when they
Were young and free of gloom.
They served as leg-men, blithe and gay,
Based on some City Room.
Now all these journalists *pro tem.* make us a
trifle tired.
We'd like to ask each one of them the reason
he was fired.

J. E. M.

COMMANDMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

DON'T Overeat.
Don't Drink to Capacity.
Don't Give Useless Presents.
Don't Scatter Largesse Unreasonably.
Don't Tell Fibs About Santa Claus.
Don't Spend More Than You Can Afford.
Don't Peep into Parcels until Christmas Day.
Don't Forget Your Age in Childish Games.
Don't Keep a Close Check on Christmas Cards
Sent and Received.
Don't Take Chances with Lighted Candles,
Cotton Whiskers, or Paper Decorations.
If you obey these ten Commandments rigorously, one more you may add unto them:
Don't Have Any Fun.

P. W. Luce

Action Needed to Head Off New C.I.O. Wage Demands

By STUART ARMOUR

What has been described as a fantastic set of new wage and other demands will shortly be made by the C.I.O. on three key industries in the United States. Since our own Canadian Congress of Labor usually follows the C.I.O. policy line, it seems probable that similar demands will soon confront us. As one who has spent some years in research into Canadian economic problems, Mr. Armour believes that we must resist such demands if we are to avoid the sufferings of depression and consequent social unrest. Our labor leaders and all other Canadians must realize that there are vital differences between the economies of Canada and the United States.

IT WAS announced in Washington last week by Philip Murray, president of the C.I.O., that automobile, electrical and steel unions would soon put forward new demands upon their employers. They are likely to include a 25 per cent wage increase; plus a health and welfare fund, longer vacations with pay (another way of raising wages), some form of guaranteed annual wage, and (in the steel industry) portal-to-portal pay.

These are stiff demands; and they are of vital interest to Canada for a number of reasons, some of which will be examined briefly below. They are based on the proposition that industry in the U.S. can now afford to grant higher wages, and the other demands listed, because of the size of its current and accumulated profits. This in the face of the fact that in the first nine months of 1946 the automotive industry is stated to have suffered an operating loss of no less than $135,000,000.

It is the further contention of the C.I.O. that since increased wage payments, and the other concessions demanded, will come out of profits there need be no corresponding rise in prices.

At Atlantic City last month the C.I.O. went through some rather vague motions designed to prove that it was a body free from Communist domination or inspiration. But by putting forward these new demands at a time when many U.S. retail prices are already declining in the face of a widespread "buyers' strike," the C.I.O. will certainly have earned the approval of Moscow.

Some people think that Philip Murray is a virtual prisoner of the Communists who are so prominent in the C.I.O. If the president of the organization is indeed dominated by Communists, whose principal object in life is trouble making, then the demands of the C.I.O. have a sort of mad logic. Otherwise they must appear to run so counter to the existing economic facts as to be just plain crazy.

Inspired to Demand

Despite the professed belief of the C.I.O. to the contrary, granting of these new demands by U.S. industry will inevitably increase the price of many of the items which Canada finds it necessary to import from that country. But far more important is the fact that our own C.I.O. affiliate, the Canadian Congress of Labor, is certain to feel inspired to put forward some new demands of its own. This has, in fact, already been made clear in statements—albeit guarded ones—by Canadian leaders in that body.

Since the demands to be made of U.S. employers are predicted on the ability of industry to pay the increased costs out of profits without raising prices, it may be assumed that those to be put forward by our own C.I.O. affiliates will follow the same pattern. Thus a vitally important segment of Canadian industry will be asked to subscribe to the economically untenable theory that wage increases without price increases are possible, even should there be no commensurate increase in productivity. For if accumulated profits are to be used to meet demands for higher wages, it is clear that the installation of new machinery (by which a commensurate increase in productivity might be ensured) will have to be curtailed, postponed or abandoned.

No matter to what extent the United States may feel impelled to meet these new demands, Canada should gird herself for a last ditch resistance to them. In our case, any such demands would, in fact, involve more than a mere dispute between capital and labor. It would indeed be a fight for existence by the Canadian people against a group of American-inspired (if not controlled) labor leaders, amongst whom the influence of Communists is known to be large.

For should demands like those to be put forward in the United States have to be met by Canadian industry, we should certainly find that we had priced ourselves out of world markets. If we were to price ourselves out of world markets, then we should invariably suffer deep and prolonged depression.

Avoid a Repetition

We know, from the bitterest sort of experience, that, despite the ability of certain key unions to insulate their more senior members from the effects of bad times, the worst sufferers in a depression are invariably those employed by industry.

Such being the case, Canadian business (including daily, weekly and monthly periodicals of all shades of political opinion), the rank and file of Canadian labor, the Government of Canada (which dare not face the political risks of prolonged depression), and the Canadian public generally should band together under some slogan such as: "It must not happen here." Unless they do so, we shall almost certainly see suffering here on a scale never before experienced. In addition, we shall incur the very grave risk of seeing our whole way of life go down to destruction; all experience having proved that economic hardship leads inevitably to social unrest and that social unrest in turn gives subversive elements the chance they know so well how to exploit.

If all this sounds far-fetched, and even dogmatic, it should be remembered that such is the pattern of our job distribution—and our consequent enormous dependence on exports for prosperity—that if we cease to be able to sell abroad we cannot possibly escape hard times. Moreover, so long as we have three out of eight members of our working force dependent on the state of our export industries for their livelihood that will remain a fact.

Furthermore, while we continue to produce cereals, forest products and minerals on a scale far beyond the capacity of the domestic market to consume them, that pattern of job distribution is bound to remain. Nor can the pattern be changed at short notice without causing such enormous dislocation and such intense suffering as to be unthinkable in a democracy. Only a Hitler or a Stalin, operating in a society in which public opinion has been completely silenced, can arbitrarily change patterns of job distribution.

Concession for Guarantee

Our long-established pattern of job distribution almost compels us to say to those labor leaders who may put forward inordinate demands for industrial wage increases: "We will give you everything you ask, provided only that you in your turn will guarantee that your followers will themselves consume our surpluses of wheat, forest products and non-ferrous metals."

Both the size of our surpluses and the paucity of our population make that, of course, a perfectly preposterous proposition to put to our labor leaders. But on the other hand the factors which make it preposterous are those which make equally preposterous the idea that our industries can accede to any wage demands which labor leaders may care to formulate.

Our enormous surpluses of primary products tie us to world commodity markets. And so long as we remain so tied, the level of industrial wages we can pay is subject to the level of prices our primary products can command in such world markets.

It is of no use to argue that if business in the U.S. is forced to capitulate to these new C.I.O. demands we must do so too—that if American business can pass on these exactions to the American public in the form of higher prices Canadian business can do so too. For the basic economic situations confronting the two countries are fundamentally different.

So different are these situations that it is the greatest and most dangerous of fallacies to say that the national economies of Canada and the United States are alike in their functioning.

Such being the case, it becomes of vital importance that the Canadian public should realize the essential difference between our economy and that of our great neighbor. For while it is a widely held fallacy that the two economies are similar, the truth is, of course, that the Canadian economy is no more a counterpart of that of the United States than it is of that of Britain, or even of China.

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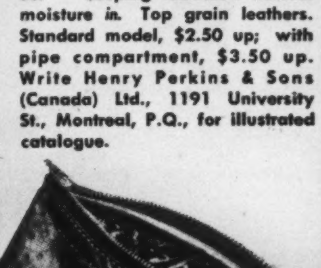

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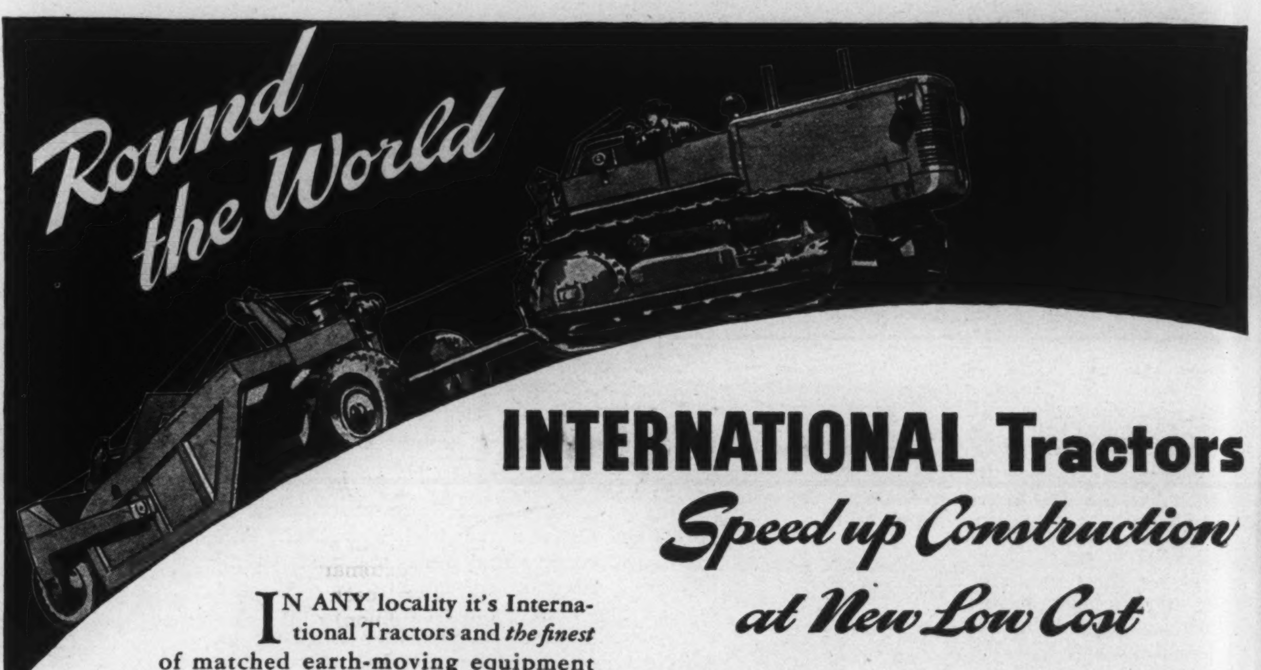

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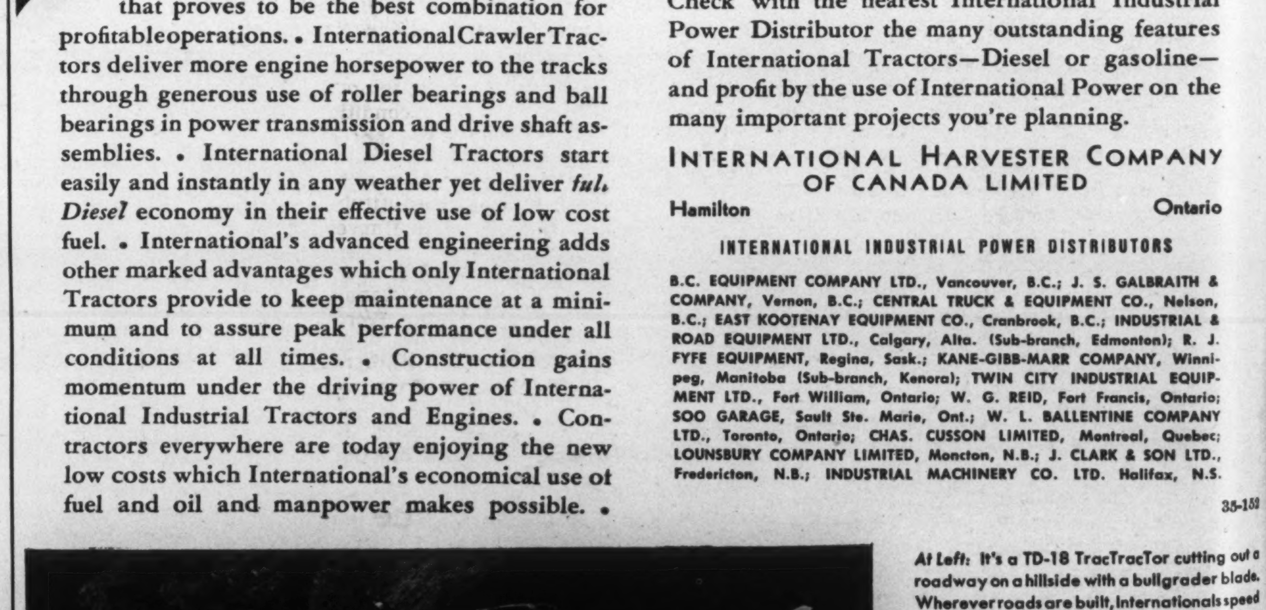

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INTERNATIONAL Industrial Power

pendent upon exports for prosperity and few, being so lacking in self-sufficiency, as the Rowell-Sirois Report was careful to emphasize. Thus there is no real sense in saying that Canada must do a thing simply because the U.S. (or Britain, or Russia) may have done it. We must remember the uniqueness of our economy and, in the interests of all classes, we must not allow ourselves to be too greatly influenced by what other countries may choose to do, or may be forced to do.

In this connection it is essential to bear it in mind that while the U.S. has slightly less than twelve times our population, the annual national income of the American people appears on the average to be about sixteen times as large as our own. This is not, in the main, the result of superior intellect or even of greater skill. It is rather the result of a number of factors (some of them very obscure), including the distribution of our natural resources, the physical character of our country, and above all, the effect of our climate.

Dissimilarities

As was mentioned above, we are one of the least self-sufficient countries in the world, despite enormous and varied natural resources. That fact alone serves to differentiate us sharply from our good neighbor to the south.

There are, of course, those whose interest it is to foster and play upon the fact that most Canadians *do* believe in the similarity between the two North American economies. An example of this is to be found in the actions of certain of our labor leaders who seek to establish the principle that Canadian and U.S. industrial wage scales should be equal. Such actions deliberately ignore the essential differences in our respective economies, including the generally differing degrees of per capita productivity prevailing in the two countries.

As long as we have our existing pattern of job distribution, world prices of primary products will largely determine our degree of prosperity. The degree of prosperity we can attain is in its turn the factor which determines the level of industrial wages we can afford to pay. Which is only another way of saying that so long as climate, and other factors, continue to make us producers of enormous surpluses of wheat and apples and fish and forest products and non-ferrous metals, we cannot live to ourselves.

The level of industrial wages we can afford to pay cannot be solely governed by domestic considerations and certainly not by reference to the level of wages in the United States or elsewhere.

Not even the C.I.O. can successfully deny that wage demands, which do not contemplate a commensurate rise in productivity, are bound to raise the costs of Canadian manufactured products to Canadian primary producers. If our farmers and fishermen and lumbermen and miners have to pay more for clothing, food, machinery and tools, their own costs of production are thereby increased. And in the main they must recover such increases, not from fellow Canadians but from customers in other lands, most of whom are living in misery and many of whom are living just short of starvation.

Foreign Buyers' Strike

When the price of our primary products is forced too high we are bound to lose our foreign markets — since buyers' strikes are by no means peculiar to the domestic economy. Nor are we by any means the only producers of wheat, forest products, and non-ferrous metals from whom the world can buy.

Those out to gain new wage increases may say that our export trade was never more flourishing than it is today. It is true, of course, that government statistics show our exports to be at a very high level. But statistics from the same source also show that in the first nine months of 1946 our exports (excluding gold) amounted to $1,664 million; of which $433 million went to Britain, $616 million to the U.S., and $615 million to countries other than Britain and the U.S.

Those figures indicate a change of great significance in the destination of our exports, since in the period 1922-1938, on the average, about 40 per cent of what we shipped out of Canada went to Britain, about 40 per cent to the U.S., and only 20 per cent to the rest of the world. Moreover, examination reveals that the increase in exports to countries other than Great Britain was largely the result of shipments for which we ourselves paid.

What will happen to our prosperity when we are no longer able to finance such overseas shipments? That is indeed a question for our labor leaders to ponder, since the taxes which made the government financing of those shipments possible came, in the main, from industry—either directly or indirectly.

If labor leaders make it impossible for our primary producers to sell their products at world prices, then those producers will perforce cease to buy the products of Canadian industry. This in turn will make it impossible, without disastrous inflation for the government to go on financing our exports, including exports of manufactured products.

Everything, then, points to the need for our labor leaders—and all other Canadians—to realize that there are vital differences between the economies of Canada and the United States. Out of such realization there should certainly come a determination not to allow ourselves to be pushed into depression and hardship and social unrest by the machinations of a small group of selfish and ruthless labor leaders.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Cabinet Shuffle Retains the Old Guard and Bolsters Defences

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

IT MAY be an error to read too much into the recent re-shuffle of the Dominion Cabinet. But when it is considered in light of recent pronouncements by the Prime Minister and the St. Laurent dinner, I think we can get a pretty clear idea of the current strategy of the Liberal party. The defeats in Pontiac and Portage la Prairie are, I think, beginning to bear fruit.

What is now proposed is quite a different course than was contemplated a year or two ago.

The Liberal party came out of the war expecting, I believe, a very drastic shake-up in the higher command. Prime Minister Mackenzie King would have been very happy to retire, as Sir Robert Borden had done, once he had beaten Sir John A. Macdonald's record for tenure of office. Several other senior ministers would have left at the same time. Mr. St. Laurent was very keen to get back to his law office. Mr. Ilsley had carried a crushing load and needed a rest, perhaps a new kind of life. Messrs. Howe and MacKinnon would have gone out at the same time as the Prime Minister. The fortunes of the party would have very largely been turned over to the younger fry—Abbott, Claxton, Martin, Hugues Lapointe, Lionel Chevrier, Joseph Jean, George McIlraith, Ralph Maybank, W. A. Tucker (if he grew discouraged about Saskatchewan), Croll, Sinclair, Beaudoin, Coté and others.

This would have been a natural and not unhealthy development for a party which needed new blood in the leadership and a re-dedication of its powers to the problems of tomorrow. But it is not the sort of operation which is feasible in a party which is in power with a popular vote only a little over 40 per cent of the total, and a membership in the House so delicately balanced that a few ministerial resignations followed by losses at by-elections would have upset the whole apple-cart.

It looks as though Mr. Mackenzie King, a bit reluctantly, has had to decide to give up his dream of retiring to the sylvan silences of Kingsmere Lake and of spending his declining years writing a heavily documented history of the fortunes of Canadian Liberalism. Events call on him to remain in harness. Moreover, they demand that the Old Guard stay on for a while. The recent cabinet changes, following the St. Laurent banquet at Quebec City, show that the Prime Minister has been successful in stalling off any resignations of key ministers, partly by pledging himself to remain as leader, partly by re-adjusting the cabinet posts so as to lift some of the pressure from those most restive under the strain.

Difficult Decision

The appointment of Rt. Hon. L. S. St. Laurent as full-time Minister of External Affairs suggests that the eminent barrister has made a difficult choice between his personal inclinations and his duty to party and to country. The post is, of course, one of great prestige and opportunity, and the Minister has already demonstrated that he has a great flair for the job. My own impression is that you could search all the political parties in Canada without finding anybody who could go to international gatherings and represent this country with more innate courtesy, charm, good-will and eloquence. It is one of the greatest feathers in Mr. Mackenzie King's cap that he succeeded in finding a French Canadian so admirably in the tradition of Laurier and Lapointe.

The transfer of Mr. St. Laurent vacates the portfolio of Justice, and thus enables Mr. Mackenzie King to make an adjustment which will ease Mr. Ilsley of the almost intolerable load he has been carrying for six or seven years, and make reasonably sure that he will remain within the cabinet as a hale and contented supporter of the administration. No Finance Minister in our history ever had to grapple with fiscal tasks of that magnitude. The very qualities of mind and spirit which made him so valuable in that post enhanced the load on his shoulders.

Mr. Ilsley is innately frugal and conservative, rigid and uncompromising in his stand on what he believes to be fair and just. He was called upon to spend money like a drunken sailor, to depart from ideals of justice in order to get war tasks accomplished, and to embrace unorthodox new monetary and social philosophies because his advisers told him they were essential and inevitable. All these things added to the strain.

Mr. Ilsley will find in the portfolio of Justice more congenial duties. And the choice of Douglas Abbott to succeed him strikes one as being quite a happy move on several counts. They are very different in temperament. One is a grim Calvinist and the other a debonair politician. Both are able. There is much more give and take to Mr. Abbott; this flexibility and diplomacy will serve him in good stead as he takes over the negotiations with the provincial governments for new tax agreements.

Challenge to Minister

The demands upon modern finance ministers — the involved, intricate knowledge they need of monetary and taxation theory, the bearing of taxes upon the national income, the niceties of international exchange, and so forth—are such that it is a tough challenge to any man. But Abbott has several times shown that he has that ready gift for learning, that capacity to walk adroitly as he gradually gets adjusted to a new job, which should carry him through. And he has the benefit of the finest corps of higher civil servants at his beck and call ever built up anywhere in this country.

The other cabinet adjustments seem to be still in the tentative or experimental stage. It looks as though Mr. Mackenzie King's major problem was to arrange things so that he would not lose either St. Laurent or Ilsley. Having done that, and having filled Finance with one of his two or three ablest young lieutenants, he can breathe a bit easier about the other posts. The transfer of Paul Martin to Health and Welfare is not hard to understand, but the appointment of Brooke Claxton to Defense, promotion though it is, looks like an interim move, aimed at keeping him in one of the senior cabinet posts pending further developments. The day will come when a new Liberal leader must be chosen, and nothing so far has invalidated the theory that the two men to watch are Abbott and Claxton, with, of course, such men as St. Laurent, Gardiner and Ilsley as "caretaker" possibilities. (Garson is highly eligible, but he ought to be getting federal experience.) The longer Mackenzie King elects to remain, the greater grows the chance that there will not be a "caretaker" appointee at all, but that the national convention will be called first, and that the present Liberal leader will hand over directly to a considerably younger man.

All in all, the cabinet shuffles are defensive. They mean that the Liberal party is worried about its immediate future and is being careful not to rock the boat any more than is essential. Without precipitating a by-election, Mr. Mackenzie King has protected the party against the loss of two or three of its most valuable veterans.

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Italy's Soil Is Ripe for a New Fascism

By SYDNEY SMITH

Out of a Fascist party membership of 4,500,000 in 1943, soon there will be in all Italy's jails a mere 1,200 definitely sentenced Fascists—500 fewer than the ex-partisans who are still in prison for acts against the Fascists. Recent demonstrations and bombing incidents point to the birth of a Neo-Fascism. British Intelligence officers believe that there are about 500,000 Neo-Fascists, still not very well organized but becoming progressively articulate and active.

Rome.

THERE is a phantom at large in Italy today. Its shadow on the wall looks just a little like the outline of the ex-Duce. It is called Neo-Fascism. It is something still too vague to combat effectively, too subtle to hold, and too undeveloped to define clearly. But it is gathering strength, force and individuality daily, in a way which those who read of the Allies' handling of the Nazis in Germany find difficult to believe.

There were 4,500,000 members of the Fascist Party before the war. Party losses until the Armistice of 1943 are not known. But from then until the collapse in North Italy the partisans reckon they accounted for 300,000 Fascists. The new Republican amnesty of last June liberated 3,500 Fascists, including extremist ex-ministers, and cancelled the trials of 20,000 collaborators.

Since then the High Court has amnestied another 591 Fascists, has heard the appeals of 2,000 more who have been released on licence, and is due to hear 3,000 more appeals. And 90 per cent of these are likely to be granted.

This will leave in all Italy's jails just 1,200 definitely sentenced Fascists—500 fewer than the ex-partisans who are still in prison for acts of violence against Fascists or Fascist property.

Not all the freed Fascists belong to the phantom Neo-Fascism. The Italian political police and the British Intelligence Service believe that they have to deal with about 500,000 Neo-Fascists.

They are not well organized but all of them manage to spread the gospel of new Fascism in their own way. For example, four journalists, amnestied from a total of 83 years in prison for collaboration, are now writing for the Neo-Fascists' weeklies, which are springing up like mushrooms. But they are writing anonymously and the police cannot prove their activity.

On a higher level, there are more than a dozen large industrialists and newspaper owners who were the backbone of Mussolini's Fascism for 26 years, and who have been amnestied. They are now again driving their splendid limousines and controlling with their almost intact millions the same financial and industrial interests with which they backed the Duce.

There are thousands of State and municipal officials all over Italy, including judges, lawyers, magistrates and police officers, who were members of the Fascist Party, and are now back again in their old jobs, many of which were attained through party influence.

Return of Old Chiefs

Who leads the Neo-Fascists? Intelligence reports are based on the theory that two chiefs are Carlo Scorza, middle-aged rugged Fascist fanatic, a stubborn and wily southerner from Calabria, and Augusto Turati, a former editor of a Milan Fascist newspaper, equally wily and fanatical, but more subtle, intellectual and far more dangerous.

Scorza was Fascist Party Secretary until the armistice. After the collapse in the north he hid in a monastery near Milan. Police swooped on his hide-out there, and later on others at Padua, Vicenza and Varese. Each time his tipsters gave him warning a few hours before the police arrived.

Turati was secretary of the Fascist Party from 1922 until 1931. He visits Rome occasionally, where his close friends receive telephone calls and letters from him. But the police have never been within hours of him.

These two men are believed to be behind the most dangerous organization, based in North Italy and calling itself the Fascist Democratic Party. Its home policy is simply National Socialist. Its foreign policy is anti-Allied and bases its hopes on an eventual Rome-Berlin-Moscow axis. The party has a military organization known as S.A.M., which stands for "Mussolini Action Squad."

Separate Cells

S.A.M. is divided into small units, which have no contact with each other. Only the leader of each group knows the identity of his superior officer. Two names suggested as organizers of S.A.M. are Galbiati, chief of general staff of the Fascist Militia and once member of the Fascists' Grand Council, and Pizzirani, head of the Fascist Federation of Rome during the German occupation, both much-wanted men.

Recently, agents contacted the Allied authorities in a futile attempt to pave the way for a safe return for Turati to open political life and the formation of a party which would be prepared to dispense with the use of the word "Fascist."

The Allied reply was brief and pointed. Turati stays underground.

Then, the Liberals have been planning to merge with the two-year-old Common Man Party, which is Catholic, anti-Monarchist, anti-Left and anti-Allied. Its newspapers, which preach the nearest gospel to the Fascists' National Socialism, have some of Italy's top circulations. Its followers are now learning Party songs and have recently been beaten up by ex-partisans for singing them in an old and too familiar fashion. Its enemies call it a rallying point.

The soil is as ripe today in Italy for some new form of Fascism as it was for Mussolini's Fascism in 1919.

Hundreds of thousands of ex-Fascists nod agreement over the Fascists periodicals, their comparisons of Mussolini's Italy and the chaos and dismay of today. And they see in the phantom of today the hope for a reality of tomorrow.

• •

NO PEACE

IN LITERATURE at least it might well be said that gentlemen cry peace but there is no peace, for the warfare of ideologies, of conflicting theories as to policies and possibilities, animated discussion as to past achievements and future needs keeps steadily on.

—Amy Loveman in *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Some Public Nuisances

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

WITH such respectably sized menaces as the atom bomb and bacteriological warfare in the offing, it's hard to see why anybody should get worked up by the threat of Jehovah's Witnesses.

It is true that the Witnesses have a violent prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church; but so have a great many sturdy Protestants, who don't go to jail or forfeit their rights of citizenship as a result. It is also true that Jehovah's Witnesses are stubbornly non-conformist, particularly in war-time. But the State has plenty of available methods, all strictly legal and enforceable, for bringing such maverick groups into line.

The Witnesses have their political prejudices but these are largely of a negative type. For instance, they refuse to vote, holding that society is a man-made organization which can have no claim on them at election time, since they get their own directives straight from Jehovah. While this prevents them from being good citizens in the democratic sense, it also ensures that they won't be actively bad ones, and that they can't very handily be made the tool of any politically ambitious group.

Thus the most painstaking Communist would hardly be able to make any sense or use of their peculiar brand of anarchy. He might point out to them that they were a persecuted and afflicted minority and they would agree with him enthusiastically. But if he were to urge that they allow the Party to organize their grievances, he would be overwhelmed by such a spate of Scripture that Marx could hardly get a word in edgewise.

The worst that can be said about Jehovah's Witnesses is that they are a nuisance. In this respect, along with quite a few others, they have a curious modern resemblance to radio advertisers. Both assume omniscience and both are capable of handing out a snap diagnosis on the ills of the human race, or whatever part of it is within earshot, along with the infallible specific. They are anonymous, ubiquitous, and completely unabashed by indifference or resentment. They invade privacy without warning, and there is no intimacy they are not prepared to violate. If they have any qualms about their peculiar calling, they suppress them out of respect for the only power they recognize—the commercial sponsor on the one hand; on the other, Jehovah.

THERE are differences, of course, but the differences seem to be all in favor of Jehovah's Witnesses. They may intrude on us with gratuitous warnings and advice, but at least they don't attack us with slogans and jingles. They don't claim that their particular specific will bring quick gentle relief, usually within the hour, and they never try to beguile us with the idea that salvation is just a matter of regular application and the sixty second workout. Best of all, they don't try to enliven their message with those maddeningly inane male-and-female dialogues that commercial radio regards as irresistible. If they did, you might open your door some morning to find on your front stoop not one but two Witnesses who would immediately go into some such colloquy as this:

He: Hel-*lo*! Sa-ay, you look *radiant* this morning!

She: Why shouldn't I? I've made the most *marvellous* discovery! I never would have believed the *difference* it makes!

He: Don't tell me! Let me guess! You've joined Jehovah's Witnesses. Am I right?

She: Right! And such a simply *amazing* change from the old tired worn-out feeling—

He: Yes, and you too can have that amazingly better feeling, if you will simply follow the finer, richer, more fully guaranteed Jehovah Witness Plan, etc., etc., etc.

At least Jehovah's Witnesses spare us that.

Everybody except the followers of the Jehovah's Witness cult is exasperated by Jehovah's Witnesses. But everybody, without exception, is infuriated by the radio ad man. Yet no one persecutes the advertising announcer. Mobs don't invade the radio studio, and the police don't first insist that he operate on a licence, then refuse him a licence, and finally arrest him for spreading his propaganda without a licence. The Premier doesn't toss him into jail and then revoke his sponsor's licence for going bail for him, while expropriating the studio equipment.

On the contrary, the radio ad man continues to flourish on our fears, our hopes and even our resentments. He does this through the modern technique of driving his message home in slogan form, over and over again till it is finally embedded in the hardest and most obdurate head. As a result the public (which tends to ignore the threat of Jehovah) has come to accept, usually as an act of simple faith, the awful reality of acidosis, halitosis and all the other current psychoses. The radio ad man may infuriate our reasoning minds but in the end our meek and susceptible unconscious accepts him without reason.

Jehovah's Witness, naturally, is in quite a different position. The listening public has managed to dislodge the old-fashioned threat of Jehovah from its mind, both conscious and unconscious, and so is no longer greatly intimidated by His Witnesses. In addition, the Witnesses have been discouraged from using the press, the radio and even public buildings, and so have had to fall back on the distribution of Bibles, and pamphlets (unlicensed), and street corner evangelism. Besides, the bewildering skill required for the handling of modern propaganda is quite beyond them, and it is doubtful if they could make effective use of the high-pressure machinery of persuasiveness even if it were available to them. They have very little talent for the art of psychological wheedling which is usually described as "establishing good public relationships."

IN FACT, the chances are that the Jehovah's Witness cult, if left to its own old-fashioned devices, would simply fall flat on its face. At best it would survive as an obscure and exasperating faith whose fanaticism could be trusted to expend itself within the limits of its own membership.

It was fortunate for Jehovah's Witnesses that they weren't left to their own devices. A mild public tolerance might have enervated them; but their recent persecutions have not only stimulated their eager appetite for martyrdom but publicized their aims and grievances in ways that decades of street corner evangelism could never have achieved. The uproar in Quebec has given them free newspaper space in the press of a continent and lined up behind them every articulate freedom lover in the country. It is an added triumph that their liberties are now being defended most ardently by the very people who find their doctrinal theories most obnoxious.

This is the sort of miracle that Jehovah's Witnesses could never have managed for themselves. They hadn't the connections or the know-how or even the ambition for that sort of thing. Even to approximate their present triumph they would have had to hire a $1000-a-week press agent with a high-powered publicity department behind him. But how would they have overcome their scruples at such a worldly connection, and where would they have found the $1000 a week to pay him? As it turned out, they didn't have to. The campaign was organized for them, and the high-powered public relations council turned out to be, quite inadvertently, Mr. Duplessis, who didn't get a cent for it.

Today they are front page news; and when they call to pass out their literature, the householder—if he is a man of liberal feeling—is likely to invite them in and listen patiently to their strange dialectics of wrath and judgment. Jehovah's Witnesses are doing all right.

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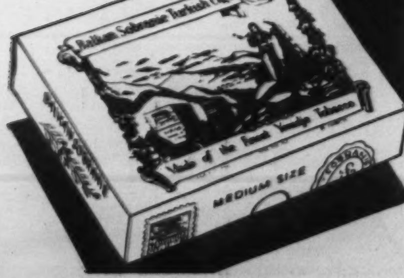

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Black Market Corrupts Night Life of Paris

By McKENZIE PORTER

Paris has been caught in the throes of the black market and her night life suffers or succeeds because of this. Before the war, Montmartre and Montparnasse competed to attract the reveller. Montmartre provided excitement for the physically and intellectually jaded. Montparnasse was an outlet for high-spirited scholars, writers and artists.

But today most countries are not free enough to grant exit visas and students are limited financially so that Montparnasse is but a ghost of its former self. When the lights in Montparnasse beckon to those who are now climbing the hill to Montmartre, Paris will once more be her true self.

Paris.

IN Montmartre at midnight they switch on the neon lights, touch off the swing bands, and begin stacking thousand franc notes. In Montparnasse at midnight they put up the shutters, wash the glasses and count their takings in fifty franc notes.

At two o'clock in the morning a *mélange* of Frenchmen and foreigners bubble noisily in the fleshpots of Montmartre. But in Montparnasse the people are in bed wondering how they are going to pay for their next lunch. Those who knew their "Gay Paree" before the war will return today to find that the boom in Montmartre and the slump in Montparnasse will hit their hearts as hard as their pockets.

This swelling of night life on the right bank of the Seine and its shrivelling on the left is symptomatic of the malady which afflicts Paris today. The French capital is suffering from chronic economic indigestion with pound notes and dollar bills before the eyes. She is all stomach and no soul. The one American tune she has discreetly refused to plug is "Money Is the Root of All Evil."

Before the war Montmarte and Montparnasse competed to attract the reveller. There was not much difference in the *décor* or the fashion of the music. But in sentiment they were divided. The first, with its pronounced hint of the underworld, provided excitement for the vulgar and soporific for the physically and intellectually jaded. The second, in its more wholesome locale, afforded an outlet for the high spirits of the hopeful scholar, writer and artist. That Montparnasse is but a ghost of her former self is a tragedy. Paris will not regain her spell until the Left Bank is embodied again.

Meanwhile Montmartre dances to the tune of the black market. Its night life is woven into a tapestry of sinister humanity. Vicious characters creep out of the woodwork at 10 p.m. and crawl back again soon after breakfast with the suckings. The thieves and the dwarfs are still there, the negroes and the touts, the tricksters, the drug addicts and the cloakroom girls who look as if they have stepped out of a Hollywood musical.

In the cafés the accordions still wail little nostalgic tunes in trotting time but from the *boites* you hear the brass and thump of swing. You can eat anything you like, drink anything you like, if you pay........pay........pay. As the night proceeds the impassive madames who sit at the end of the bar counters begin to play the cash registers like typewriters.

You begin by paying two shillings to hang your coat up and then you are asked for another two shillings to hang your hat above it. You might find yourself in possession of a carnation and the poorer by a pound before you know what is really going on, and by a tremendous feat of agility and nimble wittedness you just avoid buying a huge teddy-bear for three pounds. To recover over a drink at the bar costs you 10 shillings and here it is so wearying holding onto your money that you deliver yourself up to a waiter and pay four pounds for a bottle of champagne and a little peace.

Sunny Smiles

The money is coaxed from your pocket with sunny smiles. But show an ounce of fight, try to argue the price, and a glint comes into the eyes, a chill draught blows through the cordiality.

You may eat a seven-course meal that leaves you hot with shame and proteins. That may cost anything between 30 shillings and three pounds. When you open your wallet you are conscious of many quizzing eyes and soon a little man will sidle up and offer to buy pound notes from you at twice the legal rate.

Of course the big popular music halls like Le Bal Tabarin give fair value. For two pounds you may drink champagne and see a lavishly undressed spectacle that is dazzling and inoffensive. There is a magnificent juggler too, and a girl on a rope 40 feet above the stage whose antics make the blood run cold, and that delightful artist who gives in pantomime uproarious impressions of a goal-keeper, a tennis player and a fisherman.

Cross the river and go up the Boulevard Montparnasse in search of the Paris you used to know. Walk along the boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel. They were once in perpetual festival. Today they are dark chasms in which watery pools of municipal light illuminate a cat or a straggler. Le Dome and La Rotonde, once alive with the literary, artistic and musical vanguard of Europe, display a few dismayed waiters looking over rank upon rank of empty chairs. The Jockey, that agreeable little cabaret where once the students danced with shop-girls, is closed. In La Boule Blanche, where, before the war, exotic Martinique negresses danced the beguine, a few couples gyrate desultorily to a crestfallen band.

Soaring Prices

Soaring prices and currency restrictions have hit Montparnasse. There are not as many foreign artists because of the difficulties of living abroad and anyhow there are not many foreign countries which are free enough to grant exit visas. Those who are in Montparnasse find it hard enough to pay for food. The price of a glass of champagne and a song in the night is beyond them.

In Montparnasse, despite its poverty, there is pride and honesty. A fair price is asked for drinks. In La Coupole, where I ate a reasonable supper, I was asked, for the first time in 14 days, to give up a meal coupon.

Paris, cold, hungry and worried, is in the grip of materialism. The black market has thrown up a new class of the quick and crafty and plunged the intellectuals, the artistic, and the workaday people into a slough of despondency.

But it will not last long. The people in Paris have a resiliency unequalled elsewhere in the world. Their natural gaiety is not the kind which goes with swing music, champagne swilling, guzzling and money bags. Renaissance is in the air.

When the lights in Montparnasse beckon to the foolhardy who now climb the hill of Montmartre you will know that Paris is once more her true self. She will glow again and not merely glitter.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Connolly Said "No" to Mr. King; He Likes to Stay in Maritimes

By D. P. O'HEARN

A LOT of attention has centred in the past few weeks on a forty-five year old former newspaperman in Halifax. With the most important by-election of the year coming up in the eastern city, and with the Liberals out to get the strongest man possible to contest the seat they have been putting considerable pressure on Hon. Harold Connolly, Minister of Industry and Publicity in the Nova Scotia Government, to accept the nomination. And Connolly has been balky. By the time this is read he, or someone else, may have accepted the nomination, but at the moment of writing he reportedly is very disinterested. And the Liberals, who are said to have already offered him the first vacant cabinet post are reported to be frantically searching for more fetching bait.

That the party strategists should be quite agitated about this refusal is understandable to anyone who knows Connolly and the Halifax riding. The vacancy in Halifax caused by the death of the late W. C. Macdonald is the Catholic seat. (In Halifax, one of the two dual ridings in the Dominion, rigidly one seat belongs to a Protestant and one to a Catholic). And Connolly is the one sure-thing that the Liberals have to take it.

There aren't too many prospective Catholic Liberal candidates in Halifax. And practically none that by choice one would want to trust with the party banner in such an important election (the Conservatives too, it is reported, have had plenty of trouble in finding a candidate). But Connolly is different. He is the solidest vote-getter in Halifax. Son of a barber and one of a large family of boys, he grew up in the north end of the city, (spending a lot of his time on the neighborhood ball fields and hockey rinks). He has the large working class vote in that part of town solidly behind him. And since he entered the Nova Scotia Government his record has impressed the rest of the city.

In Nova Scotia he is generally regarded as the brightest prospect in the Legislature, and to the outside observer who follows provincial politics he is one of the few men across Canada who can be regarded as a definite "comer." He is young in both years and political experience but already he has come a long way. A member of the Nova Scotia Legislature since 1936, he took over the Ministry and Industry portfolio in 1941 and for the past six years has been the most progressive member of what has been the first really enterprising government that Nova Scotia has had probably in a couple of decades. He has given the lead in the movement for development of small industry which at present is rolling throughout the Maritimes, he has brought several industries into the province; he has developed ideas for others and then got people to start them; he has fostered research and intelligent analysis of the province's economic problems, and he has tackled his job with an aggressiveness, imagination and lack of respect for red tape which have been both welcome and admired. Last year before Angus L. Macdonald came back, even though out-ranked in the Cabinet, he was seriously considered as a successor to A. S. MacMillan as Premier. Now he is generally regarded as second man in the government.

Play for Yards

In this case with Ottawa over the nomination they say that Connolly and Angus L. Macdonald have really been making a play to gain some yards in the everlasting game between the Maritimes and the Dominion. This is probably true to some extent, but so far as Connolly is concerned there are undoubtedly other reasons why he didn't jump immediately into the federal ring.

One of them is probably that he doesn't want to go to Ottawa, and would sooner have his present job. He is one of a breed which is increasing in the East. They are Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers who are Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers above everything else. They want to put the provinces on their feet. And they believe they can best do this by staying at home. Connolly is one of the most confirmed of the breed. He is Irish and he gives to his aims for Nova Scotia the devotion of an Irishman for a cause.

So far as Ottawa is concerned, one of the outgrowths of this single-mindedness is a not overly strong affection for Ottawa. Through his department Connolly has had a lot of dealings with Ottawa, both political and bureaucratic, and the experience hasn't filled him with admiration. He hasn't any animosity (though one imagines it could easily breed if the government were of a different color) but for a Liberal dealing with another Liberal administration he can be most lackadaisical. You might say that he can take Ottawa or leave it alone; and he doesn't mind if he has to leave it alone most of the time.

As for a cabinet post, Easterners now are quite aware of the ineffectiveness of the Maritime member at Ottawa, where it is traditionally said that the Maritimers are kept happy with a free railway pass and the odd wharf and post office, and where even cabinet ministers, no matter how brilliant otherwise, can't seem to obtain much more for their home provinces than slightly larger wharves and slightly larger post offices. Being a practical man Connolly probably knows that he would be much happier doing his present job, which he can feel is getting the province somewhere, than biting his nails in frustration on Parliament Hill.

This is Ottawa's loss. Connolly would be a good man in any government. Still youthful, with the carriage of a good athlete and always very well groomed, he has the combined affability and matter-of-factness of a good politician and at the same time is a sincere and very capable administrator. He has vision, but applies innovations with a practicality that appeals to businessmen, and though he would be classed as a left-wing Liberal his advanced ideas stem from the needs of the moment in Nova Scotia. They don't come from text-book theory. His fluent speeches often deal with socialism, but not from the pro angle.

Mr. King personally is said to have had some taste of this fluency in the past few weeks as his bids were turned down, and if this is true it must have meant some satisfactory moments for both Connolly and Angus L. Macdonald (another Nova Scotian who can take his Ottawa or leave it). Apparently, thanks to the pressing need for their services, one as a contender and the other for his support, they have been able to do some potentially remunerative bargaining. Both must have been gratified that providence gave them such a handy bargaining tool as a vital election.

So far as Mr. King is concerned, however, he might be better off if he never got Connolly to Ottawa; even if it meant losing the by-election. For with his convictions this Nova Scotian would never like Ottawa, and when he doesn't like something he can be a most caustic critic. And midst the stumbling blocks at Ottawa he would make things uncomfortable for a lot of people.

Regardless of his present fate, however, he is someone about whom Canada undoubtedly will be hearing more.

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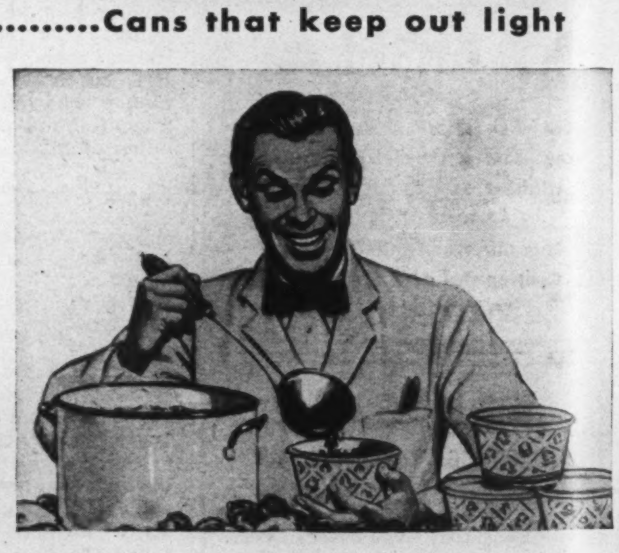

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Objectionable Talk Is No Mark of Realism

By J. E. MIDDLETON

Many writers nowadays have an absurd notion that to make a tough character real, offensive language must be used. Mr. Middleton points out that authors of classical novels did not use such methods and that an author of today should not lower himself into thinking that he is holding his reader's attention by shocking him. If the character's brutality has been well portrayed, the offensive language is unnecessary.

We have been taught that foul speech is a sign of ignorance. Therefore, why must authors and publishers offend their readers' taste by exploiting it?

REALIST novels of our day are supposed to be accurate reflections of life. They are respectfully received by critics for this reason and the reading public is advised to be thankful for the illumination. The authors, having chosen to reveal the drama and pity of forgotten folk in a bitter environment, are assumed to be honest, so timid of veering from absolute truth, that they must give each low character his or her normal speech, unmodified and unabridged. The aroma of the Ter-uth is supposed to overcome unwelcome odors.

And yet a competent author cannot bring a character to life but by conscious exaggeration of oddities of thought, action and mannerism; by re-arranging events to make a dramatic sequence, by creating a semblance of truth for the real thing. Structure is one triumph of the technique of fiction. Characterization is another. Both are dependent upon the writer's ability and willingness to distort the actual and give it a seeming reality. Actual reality would be too dull to attract any reader.

So the "realistic" author is expected to be a contriver, a non-realist, in all phases of his work but one; that is, in the language phase. Here it seems, he must be a reporter, so zealous for the truth that not one foul word, or phrase, can be omitted. Is that a reasonable demand? Must every writer of fiction become a split personality in order to gain academic approval and charm the reading world?

Shock-Value

Of course there is a certain shock-value in the frowzy phrase. Most readers breathe more quickly for an instant if a good round oath appears in decorous type. One character may call another "a low dog" without halting the reader. But "son-of-a-bitch" is something else again. That phrase innocent enough in its actual meaning has an esoteric tensity and fury which make it a thing apart. The writer puts it in the mouth of a "roughneck" and the reader is supposed to say "How true! Exactly what the brute would say under the circumstances!" But what has been gained? If the build-up of the character has been cunning enough, if the author has brought out in the action his essential brutality, the offensive phrase is merely supplementary.

Bill Sikes is perhaps the best-built of fiction villains. There was no need for Dickens to star the man's conversation with verbal fireworks, however blue and stinking. But it may be said, Dickens was a romantic and all our blessed moderns are realists.

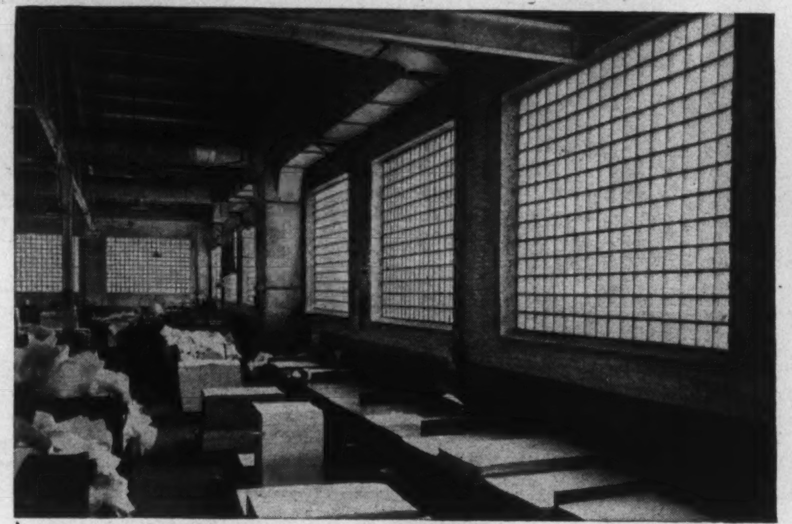
Isn't it true that Dickens had realistic themes in "Oliver Twist," in "Bleak House," in "Dombey and Son", in "Hard Times"? Didn't he make villainy vital and compelling? And what of Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," or Tolstoy in "War and Peace"? Surely the living novels of any age are alive by their essential realism, even when romantic in setting and treatment. And some of our quick-dying fictions of these days are romantically artificial in essence while pseudo-realist in setting and treatment. They are dead; the bad language didn't save them.

We have been at war, and war breeds violence of all kinds. Ever since Uncle Toby's time our armies have been swearing terribly in Flanders and elsewhere around the world. Soldiers come home and find themselves in the fashion. But their expletives are used so often that they lose their original meaning and become mere speech-counters. No one is surprised when old comrades meet after months or years, slap each other on the back and say in concert, "You good, old son-of-a-bitch." Comradeship can no further go. The term of opprobrium has become a pet name. And the incongruity gives it a humorous slant. English people, unlike us, are shocked by the word "Bloody." But the shock disappeared in shouts of laughter when Eliza said "Not bloody likely." So, occasionally, the humorous side of extreme speech is found in a book and is not objectionable. One of the most gracious of American women writers tells of her four-year-old daughter who has been exposed to lumbermen's talk. She threw her arms about her mother's neck and said, "You're a lovely son-of-a-bitch."

But there is nothing humorous in the ordinary appearance of the phrase.

Friends and acquaintances I meet from day to day don't use the phrase. I can go for six months and more in town or country without ever hearing it. And profanity — save for a casual and innocuous "damn" or "hell"—is just as scarce. There is a notion among the innocent that the air in a newspaper office is continually blue. Like that other notion that reporters as a body are generally three-parts drunk and one part not-quite-sober, it is a libel.

Every decent person of even moderate education has learned that foul and blasphemous speech is the unfailing sign of intellectual poverty and of a coarse mind. Then why do authors and publishers offend public and private taste by exploiting it? In the main it is a habit of this continent. English writers of today haven't acquired it. Perhaps they are too proud, thank God!



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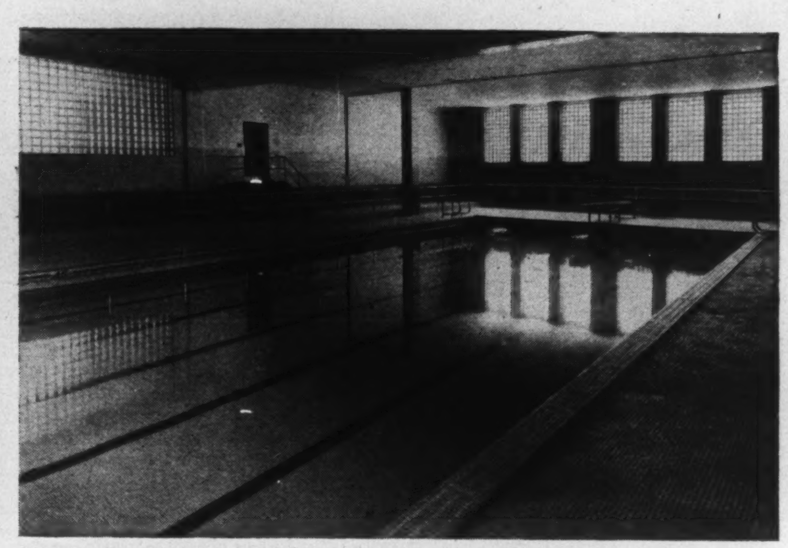

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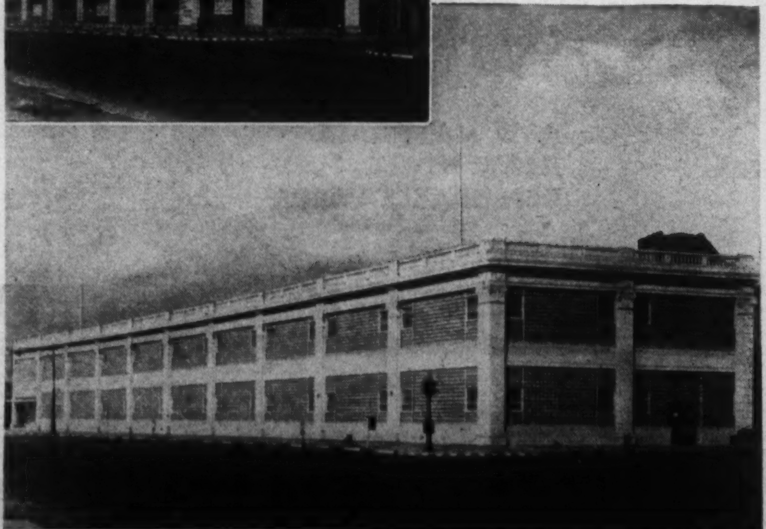

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THE WORLD TODAY

Progress Towards "Peace on Earth" By U.N. and Foreign Ministers

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

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The Soviets wished to appropriate to themselves the role of world leaders in peace and disarmament. Rightly or wrongly, their first proposal was judged to be a manoeuvre for propaganda purposes, being in effect a demand that Britain and the United States should state the number of troops which they were maintaining in other, non-enemy countries.

The United States promptly countered with a proposal that member states should give the numbers of all troops, in non-enemy and ex-enemy countries and at home, which they were maintaining under arms. The British went along with this, but wanted the troop census verified on the spot, and repeated periodically by U.N. commissions.

A very shrewd give-and-take ensued. The Soviets opposed the counting of home troops to the end, being voted down 40 to 10 in committee on this issue. Mr. Molotov then made a dramatic about-face by declaring that disarmament would require inspection, as the United States and Britain had always urged. This was the real "break" in the debate.

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The Americans thought that the Soviets would have too much the best of such an exchange, since troops could be readily demobilized before inspection and remobilized afterwards, while development of highly technical armament is a long-term process.

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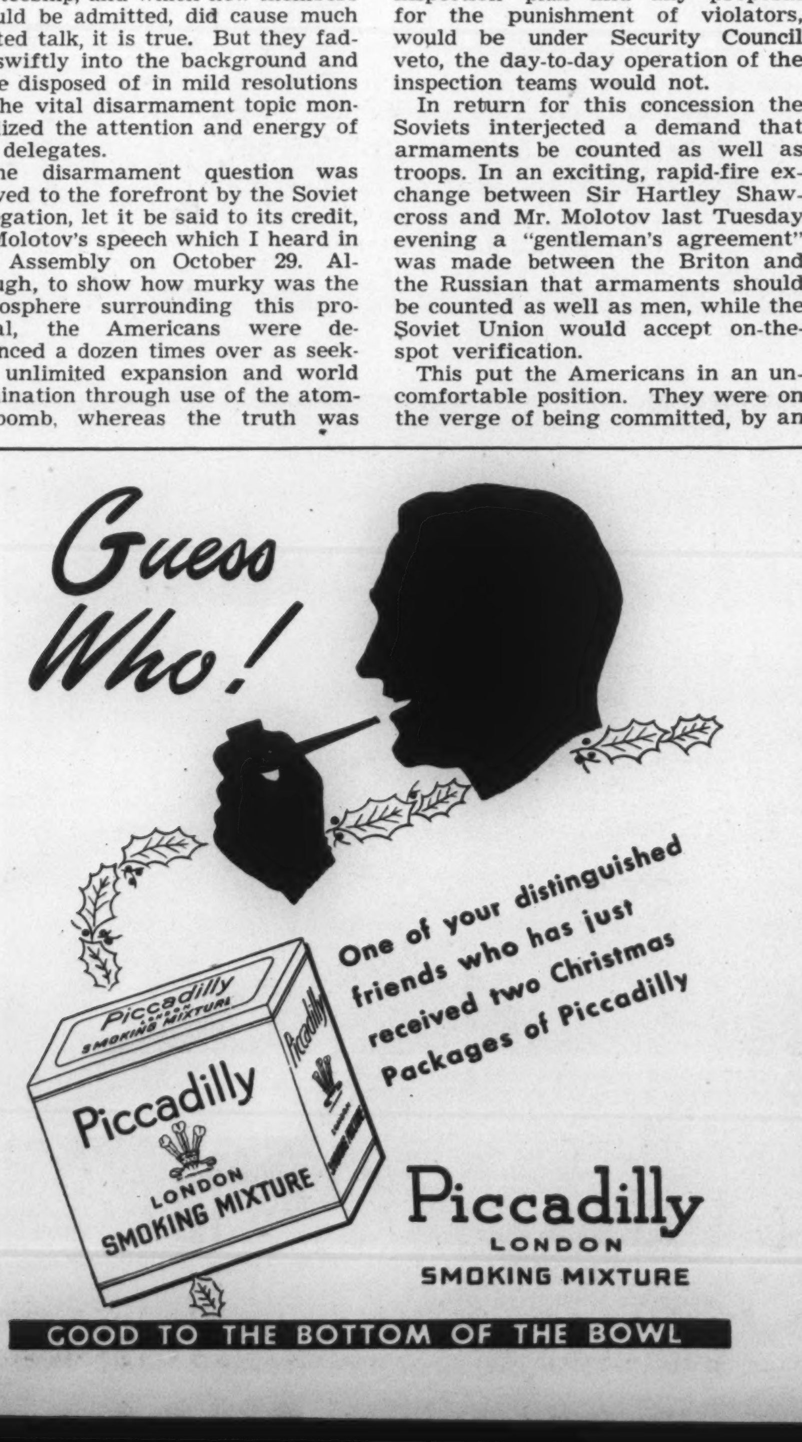

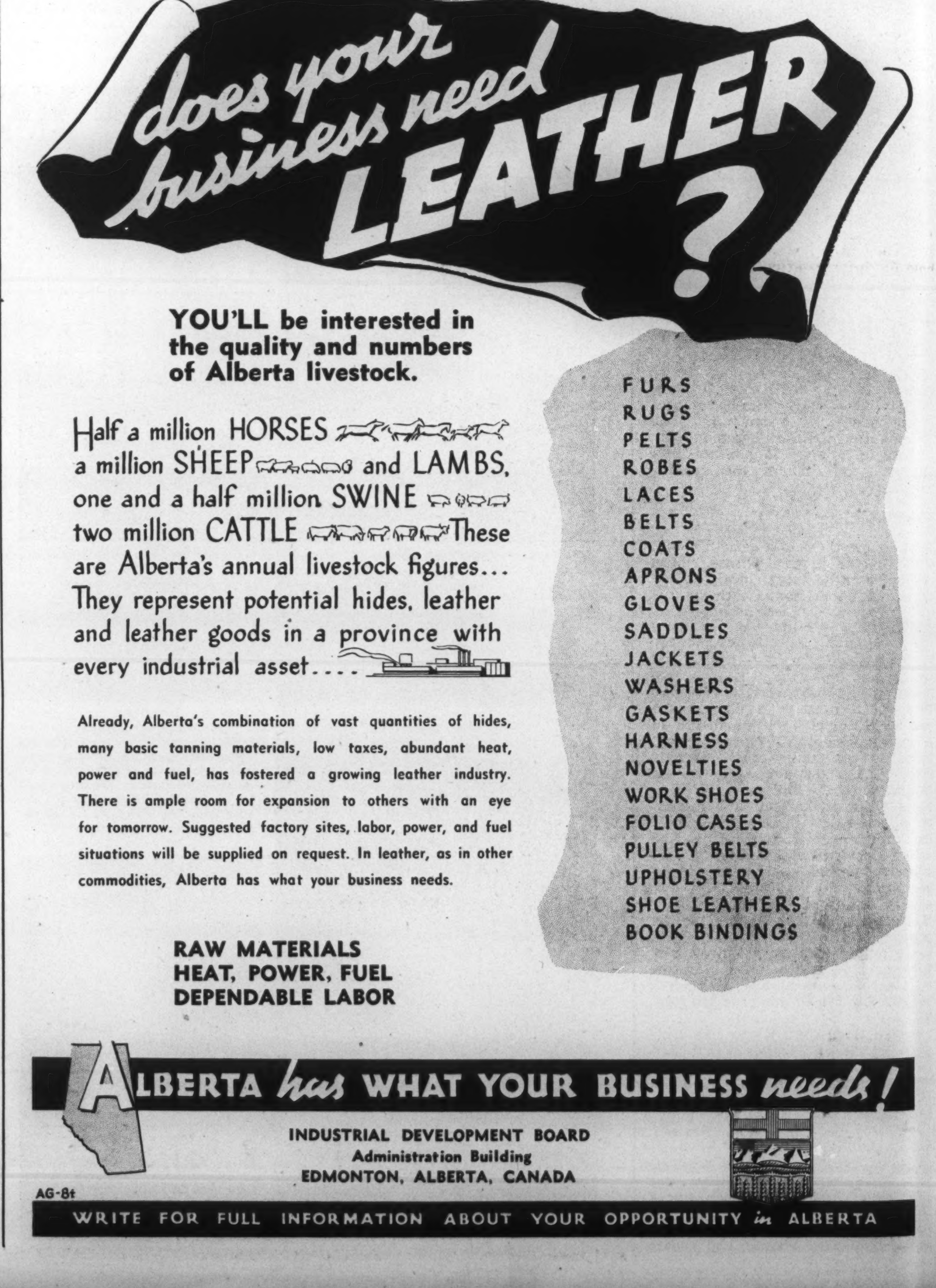

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LONDON LETTER

Britain Uneasy Over Advertising Influence on Newspaper Policy

By P. O'D.

DURING the debate in the House of Commons on the proposed enquiry into the ownership and control of the Press in this country, one of the minor points on which some stress was laid was the supposed influence of advertisers on the policy of newspapers. Journalist M.P.'s insisted that such influence is seldom attempted and is never successful. What, never? Well, hardly ever.

The bigger and richer the newspaper, of course, the less likely it is to be swayed by such considerations. The threat of an advertiser or even a group of advertisers to take their money elsewhere would mean little to millionaire owners like Lord Kemsley or Lord Beaverbrook. It would have a much more ominous ring in the ears of some struggling publisher trying to get his paper out on a shoestring.

All this was merely a side-issue of the debate, which was chiefly concerned with the influence exerted by the Barons of Fleet Street themselves over the chains of newspapers they publish. But it is natural to recall it in connection with a report, which has just been issued by the National Institute of Economic and Social Research, on the financial aspects of advertising in this country.

People who believe that newspapers are dependent on the sale of advertising space for their revenues are not far wrong. It is true that during 1935, the last year for which the necessary statistics are available, the British public spent £56,700,000 in buying newspapers and periodicals, and the advertisers only £48,400,000 in buying space in them. But the publishers received only 60 per cent of the readers' money, the rest going to news-agents and distributors. Of the advertisers' money they got 90 per cent, advertising-agents getting the remaining 10 per cent.

It is estimated that about 60 per cent of the total revenue of newspapers and periodicals in this country is derived from advertising. In the United States the proportion is somewhat higher—about 65 per cent—and this, I imagine, applies also to Canada. But over here Press advertising plays a bigger part than in the United States, being 54 per cent of the amount spent on advertising in all its forms, as compared with 42 per cent. The immense amounts spent on radio-advertising in America have no doubt a good deal to do with this difference.

In this country during 1935 the total expenditure on advertising was about £90,000,000, or just over two per cent of the national income. In the United States such expenditure amounted to three per cent—which, I suppose, may be taken as representing the difference in national attitude towards the value and importance of advertising. Even so, it is clear that vast sums are spent in Britain on advertising, and the report of the National Institute of Economic Research on the way in which they are spent is an interesting and important survey.

Return of the Books

For a bookish person, even if only in a mild and desultory way, there is something very fascinating about a good bookshop—the sort of shop where there are plenty of books of all sorts on the shelves, and you are allowed to browse about on your own and the bookseller regards a book as something more than an article of commerce. There are still a few such shops in London, and a few such booksellers, but the shelves alas, no longer carry such treasures of the world's learning and wit and imagination and wisdom as they used to.

Books will of course, be plentiful again some day. The horrid gaps in the shelves will be filled up. Bombed-out shops will find new homes. Already there are signs of improvement. You can now get almost every tenth book you ask for, and you are promised some of the others— if you will only be patient.

Motorists Can Hope

Motorists in this country are beginning to feel a bit more cheerful. They can't get new cars, they can't get spare parts for their old ones, they can't get tires; but they are hoping that next year will see the end of petrol-rationing. It is true that there has been no official announcement to encourage them. It is also true that the ration books for the March-August period of 1947 have already been printed—some 4,000,000 of them. And August is quite a long way off. Still the hope persists.

Garage-men, usually a grim and pessimistic lot, profess to see signs of the coming freedom. The petrol-companies, they say, are beginning to send their travellers about to renew contact with their customers, and so presumably get ready for the coming commercial rivalry, when petrol will once more be sold under the separate brand names, and not all mixed up together as "pool" spirit. They profess to see other signs, too. The thing is in the air. The trouble is that it may stay in the air. This Government likes doling stuff out.

Psychological Insight

Recently the Ministry of Works has been carrying out a psychological investigation into the efficiency of the building trade. Young women are sent around to ask questions of the men on the job—the sort of question that is supposed to give an insight into their psychology. Here are some of them: "Why did you join the building trade? Do you like an outdoor life? Do you ever feel bored by your job? Do you work better when you have an incentive?"

Then all the answers will be carefully tabulated and summarized, no doubt, and a lot of valuable information will be obtained—about as valuable as the rest of the psychological bunkum that is inflicted on the suffering world nowadays. This is a very muddled and gullible age in which we are living, but I don't believe the Tories would have thought of that one.

Veteran-Car Run

Fifty years ago there dawned the Emancipation Day of British motorists. On that memorable day the law was repealed which ordered that motor-cars on the public highway should be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. Yes, my dears, only fifty years ago!—which helps to explain why British manufacturers had a lot of leeway to make up in the motor-car markets of the world.

By way of celebrating this historic occasion, their jubilee of freedom, motorists held a veteran-car run from Hyde Park to Brighton, through pouring rain and a howling gale that might have discouraged the driver of a modern limousine. And hardly any of the ancient jalopies had either windscreens or hoods. None the less, out of the 120 starters 75 completed the course, though the youngest was more than 40 years old.

There's durability for you! And that goes for the drivers, too, most of whom were a good deal older than the cars. It was no day to get out and get under, as a good many of them had to from time to time. But fortunately the cars seemed to break down generally in front of some handy pub. Everything has its compensations.

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THE BOOKSHELF

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Lady with the Look of the Lion or Just a Lonely Little Girl

FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH, by Edith Sitwell. (Macmillans, $3.00.)

THIS is not the story of Good Queen Bess of glorious legend, nor of the late great Renaissance to which she gave her name. Neither is it a "new and intimate" study of the Elizabeth of the portraits—that inscrutable, chiselled face rising from its lace ruff with the mounds of padded robes below. No, this is a story about a little girl — yet, on examination, hardly that, because she appears only occasionally, and then somewhat remotely. We see her at an upper nursery window in a country palace or, at the end of the book, as a fifteen-year-old in one of the most anguished, lonely moments of her life, writing with care and dignity to defend her honor and asking that she might be permitted to come to Court and "show myself as I am".

But if Elizabeth the person remains a somewhat obscure and diminutive figure, all the people and events, the intrigues and adulteries and executions which were to single her out eventually for high destiny, are here in full color. Her father, Henry VIII strides through the book, magnificent in his vanity and sense of divinity; brilliant, obstinate, yet with a charming tenderness for his daughters, even while declaring one or the other illegitimate according to his latest whim; heartsore and disillusioned as still another wife, one so young and gay and seemingly innocent as Catherine Howard, has been proved unworthy. The author believes the King has been misjudged: "Charles II has been forgiven for his lusts and pruriencies because he, and they, were little and nasty, and littleness is understood and sympathized with by petty people. Henry, whose morality was higher, in spite of the plague that destroyed him, has never been forgiven for his six marriages, because he was a being of elemental greatness, and this alien quality creates hatred." This "plague", the author suggests, was in the main responsible for the death or premature birth of so many of the royal infants.

Eldest of the three writing Sitwells, the poet Edith, in this book makes one of her rare excursions into prose narration. Her style is straightforward and simple, sometimes tending to oversimplification, and yet, more often than not the words sing. While the panorama of Elizabeth's predecessors moves with grace and clarity, uncluttered by all the miscellany of history, it never loses the sensitive touch of human understanding. Above all the tumultuous violence of the times there stands out unforgettably the brief and lovely picture of "just a sad little girl, — not a Princess who must not be contradicted, but a little child in a world that would never understand her, — lonely and unloved."

"What are you to do with a being which even in childhood has an alien greatness, the look of the lion — and who is doomed to a history like that of the sun, a life of grandeur and loneliness and all-seeing wisdom." It is the story of the background of that being which Edith Sitwell so ably tells.

Happy Craftsman

CONFESSIONS OF A STORY WRITER, by Paul Gallico. (Ryerson, $4.25.)

WHAT does it feel like to "make" the Saturday Evening Post for the first time? The feat seems to have left no noticeable mark of the accolade on SN's Mary Lowrey Ross but Mr. Gallico, despite his extensive successes in other mass fields, is still tremulous. After all, it did take him eighteen years.

But Mr. Gallico is now a polished and slick fictioneer who has learned the formula and can make it work every time. This book is a reprint collection of his best stories together with some anatomical detail of the accouchement of each. And it must be said, for Mr. Gallico's touch is very sure, that he makes the process of dreaming up his pieces almost as interesting as the good yarns he spins. By way of beginning he tells the story of his hardworking life as a newspaperman, sports editor and free lance, but the last term seems unsuitable to one of his eminence in the field. This book is not, he says, in any way a handbook for writers; it is just what happened to him. During his residence in England it was his humble custom to try out his stories on his butler and await the verdict with apprehension. Possibly every aspirant to the SE Post should have an English butler.

Blackboard Lecture

WIND WITHOUT RAIN, by Selwyn Dewdney. (Copp, Clark, $3.00.)

IF THERE is any variation in the incidence of So-and-Sos among the professions or occupations of mankind, one might have expected the teachers to emerge from such a classification with fairly high marks. But apparently some do exist and it is the story of a proper one that Mr. Dewdney has chosen as the motivating force of his new Canadian novel. It is a story by an ex-teacher about teachers; and while his hero "drifted" into teaching, his bad 'un paddled his own canoe with sure and vicious strokes. And a lot of teachers, facing similar problems, will read it.

But it may be that the "problems" of teacher life are a bit exaggerated; many of these stout citizens are made of more resilient stuff and seem to get a lot of joy and even lasting happiness out of their calling and daily life. So the word "tragedy" is improperly applied to this book even though one of the unhappy ones jumps into the lake (permanently) without even being told to. A few good bull sessions over steaming mugs of upsi-cola or some evenings of shirtsleeve bridge in the basement might have done much to unfix the fixations of the introvert educators of West Kirby C.I. And there isn't much fun in the book either; in other words Mr. Dewdney's people are a lot less human than he sees them. Even in the thousands of Canadian West Kirbys human beings *do* do other things occasionally besides biting their finger nails.

Mr. Dewdney writes smoothly and occasionally entertainingly and this first effort will undoubtedly lead to better things. But putting Bloor Street into a novel does not make it Canadian; as a matter of fact, it isn't necessary to put Bloor Street in at all.

Bulldozer Boy

MIKE THE MUCKSHUFTER, by Frank Wilson. (Clarke, Irwin, $1.75.)

MIKE'S father had a fine job, opening the doors of taxis outside a famous London hotel but as Sergeant Battlebang he had had the finest mustache in the Brigade of Guards. Mike as a child could do nothing right and his ill-luck followed him even into his father's old Regiment; followed him, that is, through the whole category of military faux-pas until, in France in 1940, he met his machina ex deus. How Mike bulldozed his way to fame and the V.C. is the story of this cleverly drawn picture book. For youngsters, to whom soldiering still has a lighter side and a bit of glamor, this book will be a gem. Peter Fleming writes a preface telling how "Mike" originated in SEAC.

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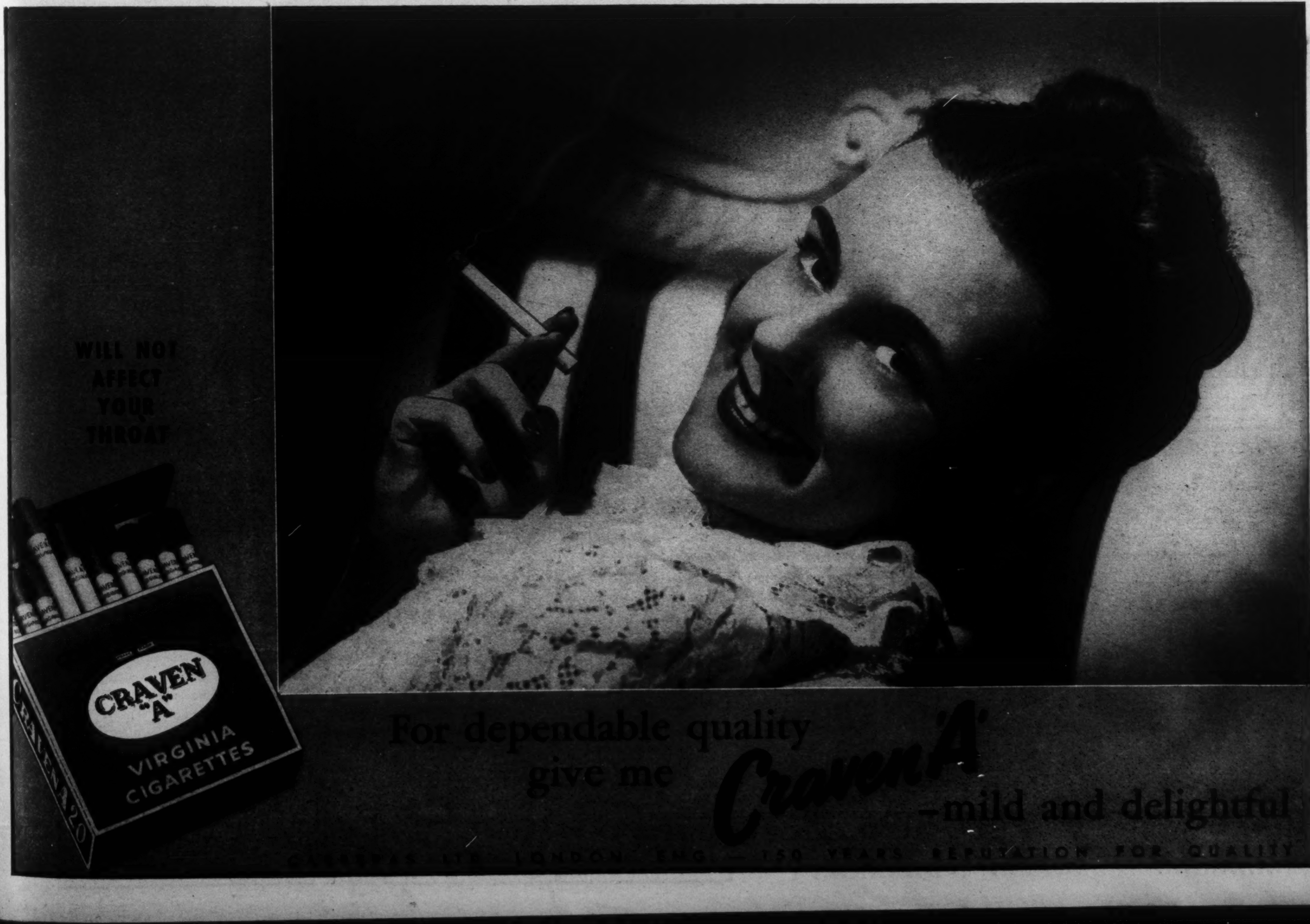

MUSIC AND THEATRE

Season Trimmed with Oratorios, Bing's Carols and Candlelight

By JOHN H. YOCOM

LIKE the Christmas tree decorations that had been packed away after Twelfth Night and were once again taken from closets and drawers, music with the good, old Christmas spirit was brought out and hung up as varied entertainment fare from Charlottetown to Victoria last week.

Department store morning singsongs were common in eastern cities. Stores in Winnipeg, Vancouver and elsewhere offered Christmas music to shoppers through public address systems or installed Hammond organs. A de luxe concert of carols ancient and modern with slick dramatizations to match the excellent singing was given at Eaton Auditorium by Toronto's St. Simon's Church under E. S. Lewis. This week the group was assisting the Toronto Symphony's Christmas Box Concert. At least a dozen choral groups in the Dominion were performing the noble "Messiah." One (Toronto's Redeemer Choir) did Saint-Saëns' less well-known "Christmas Oratorio," another (Montreal's St. Cyprian's Church) did Maunder's cantata, "Bethlehem". Canadian Eileen Law, brilliant contralto and teacher at the Toronto Conservatory, sang in four presentations of the "Messiah" in American cities.

Toronto's St. James Cathedral organist, William Wells Hewitt, directed the Conservatory's Junior Choir in a lovely program of blended Christmas music at the Art Gallery. National groups had their notices too, for six days before the holiday Convocation Hall was the setting for Carol-choirs from various national churches singing in native languages. Discerning carol enthusiasts would probably have preferred the concert at Montreal's Erskine and American United Church.

Research in carols was part of the activity. A Winnipeg choir was doing one of the world's oldest Christmas hymns — *Triersche Chistliedlein* — whose melody belongs to the 14th century. Healey Willan had especially arranged a French Canadian one for the St. Simon singers, who also performed the first Christmas song ever done in Canada (1642) — "Jesous Ahatonhia," with a Willan setting, an Indian text by Father Brébeuf and a translation by SATURDAY NIGHT's J. E. Middleton.

The C.B.C. announced its plans for decorating the season and the great day itself with appropriate radio tinsel and holly. Bing Crosby's recordings of "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles" were again enjoying their annual three weeks' sales popularity. Simple but effectively dramatic candlelight services with antiphonal singing were being held by scores of churches big and small from coast to coast, while unaesthetic metropolitan fire inspectors, for once evidently inspired by music, were checking regulations and the possible hazards in the centuries-old bit of ritual.

Enesco Returns

During the war Georges Enesco was "lost" to his friends somewhere in Rumania. Last May the Rumanian government flew former pupil Yehudi Menuhin and his family from Zurich to Bucharest. Soon after Enesco, bent with arthritis, played piano to Yehudi's fiddle and afterwards conducted the Rumanian Philharmonic Orchestra. Last week Yehudi's 65-year-old famed teacher again performed in a dual role when he was guest artist at the Toronto Symphony's subscription concert. So pathetically twisted with arthritis that listeners who had seen him when he last visited Toronto in 1939 were deeply touched, Georges Enesco played Brahms' Concerto in D Major with interpretation and execution at the faultless level of a master violinist. The orchestra, under Sir Ernest MacMillan, which had stood and joined in the great audience ovation on Enesco's entry, paid its real tribute to him with superb accompaniment. He conducted his own Rumanian Rhapsody in A Major, Rumanian themes with free treatment.

But striking as Enesco's performance was, the orchestra itself came in for considerable intermission comment over its performance (first in Toronto) of Arnold Bax's Symphony No. 3. And the general opinion—both from critics and laymen—was one that commended both the music and the rendition by Sir Ernest and his group. Although the inner structural setup of individual movements of modern symphonies may be different from older examples of symphonic form, it is still the form in which the composer tries to come to grips with big emotions. The Celtic aroma and complex, mystic atmosphere in Bax's work, inspired largely by his love of life in the stormy northern British isles in all seasons, are enchanting. Although his thematic materials, i.e., divisions into first, second and closing groups, are introduced in a more relaxed way, and are much less clear than one might find in a classical symphony, his developments have respectably large dimensions. There is nothing casual about the form. And amid the clever orchestral effects stand out themes of haunting beauty.

The Toronto Conservatory's Opera School showed its work in public for the first time this week, with a program of operatic excerpts.

Our next issue will carry a report.

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Springtime for E. E. Horton

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THE things that Mr. Edward Everett Horton has done to a once harmless farce-comedy called "Springtime for Henry" in the process of making it into a "vehicle" for Mr. E. E. H. should not happen to a dog. No doubt he has justification. The result is an excellent vehicle which travels at the full lawful speed (and at moments slightly over it) for the full allotted time of two and a half hours; and Mr. Horton is entitled to a vehicle. But there is no play left. And it used to be quite an amusing play, about an elderly roué who thought he had found finer satisfactions in the pure love of a pure young woman, and was disillusioned in the last act. Quite a few of the lines are still in the script, but they no longer sound like the utterances of human beings; the life has gone out of them. No matter; one's attention is continuously occupied with the amazing antics and brilliant pantomime and varied enunciation and generally perfect "business" of Mr. Horton, and who wants more? As we recall it, the amorous adventures, both past and future, of the amoral Henry did not seem quite so vulgar in the original version, but audiences evidently prefer them as they now are.

Mr. Horton is a very brilliant actor who could unquestionably do (indeed has often done) much more important things than this sort of farce. He can make an entire theatre laugh by a movement of the eyebrows not exceeding a sixteenth of an inch, and every inflexion of his voice is calculated for the last ounce of comic effect. He is also a good producer, and has manipulated his three companions on the stage into the sort of thing that his own performance requires. There is not a dull moment in the whole evening, and there are many explosions of unrestrained mirth. But there is no depth to the characterization; everything is done for the effect of the moment, to keep the laughs coming, nothing for consistency and plausibility. An entertainment to be enjoyed and forgotten.

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THE FILM PARADE

If It Fools You the First Time It's Good Entertainment

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

I ENJOYED "The Big Sleep" so much while it was actually going on that I didn't stop to analyze the details till I was on the way home. These still remain a little mystifying. Author Raymond Chandler has assembled at least three sets of blackmailers in his latest film and they are all so feverishly busy double-crossing their victim and each other that the action tends to blur a little. Why didn't the official Homicide Division put a man or two on the case, instead of leaving everything to Private Detective Humphrey Bogart, who was kept busy enough as it was without having to stop and telephone in reports to headquarters at the drop of a corpse? Why should a blackmailer, badly pressed for time like everyone else in a Chandler picture, go to the extra trouble of rigging up a camera in a hinged bust? Why did the villain's hired killers, waiting outside a closed door with a tommy-gun, make the mistake of shooting their employer instead of Humphrey Bogart, particularly when they seemed to have had specific instructions to shoot the first person going in, and *not* the first person coming out?

There's another sequence that has Humphrey Bogart holed up in the villain's country hideout. Manacled and disarmed he wanders about the room obviously estimating lamps and bookends as lethal weapons. Then two minutes later he is out waiting behind a car and he's holding a gun. The assumption that Raymond Chandler characters simply sprout guns in an emergency doesn't seem quite valid. Or maybe I should go back and see the whole thing over again.

Man of Violence

"The Big Sleep" is almost worth seeing twice, if only for the pleasure of watching Mr. and Mrs. Bogart at work. Humphrey Bogart is my favorite man of violence on the screen. I like his smooth concentrated acting, which is always the same and always exactly right for the sort of thing he does, without a twitch or a motion wasted. Lauren Bacall's own acting style goes very well with the Bogart performance, and with the film itself, which demands of its principals a really awesome ease and control in the midst of constantly exploding violence. Whether or not the film makes complete sense on closer inspection doesn't matter much. It's the sort of picture that succeeds as well as it needs to if it fools you the first time.

The film of action has always interested Hollywood more than the film of ideas and social significance; and when you set side by side two such pictures as "The Big Sleep" and "The Searching Wind" you can see that the Hollywood point of view has merit.

"The Searching Wind", screen adaptation of the Lillian Hellman stage play, is packed, or more strictly stuffed, with ideas. But they don't seem very exciting ideas by this time and they aren't very stirringly presented. The film is an attack on appeasement, particularly the appeasement of Hitler and Franco; and since practically everyone who survived World War II has paid and is still paying for that mistake in judgment there seems to be little point in rubbing in the original error for something like two hours of indignant rhetoric.

Miss Hellman has based her play on the reliable emotional triangle. The hero (Robert Young) is a U. S. diplomat of twenty years standing. His wife (Ann Richards) is a member of the international set with a weakness for Fascist bigwigs. The diplomat himself has a weakness for a newspaperwoman (Sylvia Sidney) with strong leftist principles. Using the three as handy symbols the author has them work out their difficulties in ideological terms. The diplomat remains unhappily balanced between the two ladies and the policies they represent, and this goes on for twenty years, or long enough for the world to go to smash because it, like the hero, wouldn't listen to Miss Sidney's warnings.

Sylvia Sidney is, of course, invariably idealistic and right in all her convictions, as well as extremely well-dressed as she goes about announcing them; but I found myself increasingly irritated at so much enlightened hindsight on a situation which, at the time, misled a lot of people a good deal brighter than her well-meaning diplomat. Even more trying was the diplomat's son (Douglas Dick), a crippled war veteran who lectures his parents unsparingly on their responsibility for starting World War II. The film leaves the impression that Miss Hellman wrote the speeches before she created the characters who were to deliver them. As a result, the people in "The Searching Wind" are merely illustrative material for a thesis; a method better adapted to sermons than to emotional drama.

SWIFT REVIEW

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS. Murderers, blackmailers alcoholics and other anti-social types in a fast, exciting melodrama starring Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin.

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE. Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn and assorted talents in a comedy which works tirelessly and in the end pretty tediously at being sidesplitting entertainment.

HEARTBEAT. Cinderella romance with a bright comedy opening, followed by progressive deterioration. With Ginger Rogers.

THEY WERE SISTERS. Domestic drama, with James Mason exercising his fascinating talents as a sadistic male. Dulcie Gray is the unfortunate wife.

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COVENTRY CHRISTMAS PLAY

THE NEW Play Society presents as the sixth play in its present series the famous "Coventry Christmas Play" with carols and music directed by Healey Willan in the Royal Ontario Museum Theatre, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20 and 21, at 8:30. Mrs. Dora Mavor Moore, director of the society, has prepared a special version of the colorful and moving Nativity Play of the Coventry cycle, with the delightful Wakefield Shepherd's Play inserted.

RADIO

By JOHN L. WATSON

IT SEEMS incredible that anyone could be so crass and worldly as to listen to the radio on Christmas; nevertheless the C.B.C. has prepared its usual grab-bag of special programs for the big day itself.

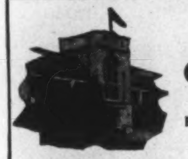
Once again we shall have the B.B.C.'s traditional "Empire Broadcast," presented this year under the title "Home Again," which you will agree is entirely appropriate. The program will feature the exchange of greetings between various Outposts of Empire and will conclude with an address by His Majesty The King.

Matthew Halton will comment on "Christmas in Postwar Europe," a depressing subject if ever there was one. A description of Christmas in sunny Australia will be broadcast from down under and the C.B.C. will take us for a coast-to-coast Canadian sleigh-ride in "Christmas 1946."

It would scarcely be safe to hazard a guess as to the number of times "Good King Wenceslaus" will be rendered over the Christmas air. However, we shall also have a performance of Handel's "Messiah," presented from Vancouver, and a program called "Dances of the Nations" will be heard from Winnipeg.

The festive side of Christmas, both urban and rural styles, will be celebrated in "C.B.C. Christmas Party" from Toronto and "Prairie Christmas Party" from Winnipeg.

The children will be able to hear a repeat performance of "Inkameep Nativity Play," written by the children of Inkameep Indian School and broadcast from Vancouver, and Mary Grannan will present a special Christmas Story on her program, "Just Mary." Other programs for young listeners will include a Christmas edition of "Alan and Me" and a special Christmas production of "Cuckoo Clock House."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WORLD OF WOMEN

All Players Are Dumb Except Me and Thee and Even Thee Is --

By EWART KEMPSON

Mr. Kempson is a famous international bridge player who has captained England.

London.

FOR the keen bridge player, there is no relaxation at Christmas. A few may unbend briefly after dinner to play rummy or some other card game with the family, but soon they will feel the call of the club. And for thousands spending Christmas in hotels, the festival will be devoted to seeking out good players to make a four.

In any company of men and women, there are a variety of types of player. There are the courteous, the friendly, the studious, the hard boiled, the pompous, the mean and the plain dumb. And I am afraid that the experience of the good player seeking a four in a typical hotel is likely to be that the plain dumb are in the majority.

In a corner of the lounge Mr. A is telling Mrs. B what Mrs. C did to him ". . . so I led the 10 of hearts through dummy's queen and she sits there with ace, king, knave and calmly plays the ace. Would you believe it?"

In fact Mrs. B isn't listening; she is aching for Mr. A to finish this extremely boring story so that she may tell him what Mr. D did to her.

In another corner of the room Mrs. C is explaining in great detail what Mr. A did to her. Her audience (Mr. D) is fidgeting impatiently until he can introduce the subject of Mrs. B and the atrocities that lady committed on her innocent victim and partner, Mr. D.

What all these critics seem to forget is that nobody loses his own or her own money deliberately. Each player tries like hell to win.

Let us join a table as spectators. There, on the left, is Mrs. Z, modest, kind and gentle. At her table is Captain Y a dear old boy, Mrs. O and Mr. P. It is no use watching them; they are far too humdrum.

Let us watch Mr. North, the local expert who is weighed down with pomposity and conceit, in partnership with poor little Mrs. South. Their opponents are crafty Mr. West and excessively mean Mrs. East.

Mr. West deals

Spades Q J 10 2
Hearts K Q 9 2
Diamonds 7 3
Clubs A K 7

N
W E
S

Spades 7 5 2
Hearts A 6 4
Diamonds A K 10 9 8
Clubs 6 4

Without sorting his cards, West passes; this clearly means "don't rely on anything from me, partner."

North bids one club. He once heard a London "expert" of doubtful vintage and skill discussing "prepared bids" and now indulges in this crass form of stupidity whenever possible.

Mr. East bids one diamond in a firm voice and poor little Mrs. South wonders what to do with Spades A K; Hearts J 10 8; Diamonds J 6 5 4 2; and Clubs Q J 10. Should she bid one no trump "to show a guard in diamonds?" Should she pass "to see what North says?" Should she double?

She gets hot and flustered, very conscious of the eagle eye of Mr. North. In a panic she says two no trumps.

Crafty Mr. West now "puts on an act." He shuffles around, looks carefully at his cards and lets out a hesitant no bid. His aim is to prevent North from bidding game, but North is wise to dodges of this kind and calls three no trumps.

Everyone passes and West leads the queen of diamonds, whereupon North puts down his hand and explains that South should have bid a major suit. "After all, partner, I might have held only three small clubs. Mine was a prepared bid."

"Oh, I see," says poor little Mrs. South in a tone of admiration.

Mrs. East gives her partner a triumphant look and places the 10 of diamonds carefully on the table, at the same time holding her hand ready to scoop in the trick. This, of course, is coffee-housing of the worst type, but Mrs. East's look of triumph rapidly fades when West leads a heart at Trick 2.

Mrs. South puts on dummy's king of hearts with trembling hand. She can feel her own heart pounding away and is quite incapable of seeing her nine certain tricks. But the hand plays itself and nine tricks are duly made.

One Sparkler

"How unlucky to find you with only one diamond," says Mrs. East, blissfully unconscious that, but for her own meanness, the contract would have been defeated. All she has to do is to play her king on West's queen of diamonds and then continue the suit until Mrs. South makes her knave. Mrs. East must now make four diamonds and one heart.

Mr. North points out that a prepared bid is a wonderful call, but warns South against placing him with any strength in a suit so bid. Mr. North then deals this little lot:—

N
Spades 9 6
Hearts Q 10 2
Diamonds A Q 2
Clubs K J 10 9 5

E
Spades A 4 2
Hearts A 7 5
Diamonds K 10 9 8 3
Clubs A 6

S
Spades K Q 10 5 3
Hearts 6 4 3
Diamonds 7 4
Clubs Q 8 3

W
Spades J 8 7
Hearts K J 9 8
Diamonds J 6 5
Clubs 7 4 2

North bids one club, Mrs. East says one no trump, Mrs. South—being vulnerable and scared of "prepared bids"—passes and West decides to be crafty. He assumes that Mrs. East is again being too mean to call the strength of her hand, so he ups and bids two no trumps which Mrs. East carries to three.

Poor little Mrs. South leads the king of spades on which Mrs. East is too mean to play her ace. For once this is a startling success because poor Mrs. South leads a low spade, dummy's knave winning.

The knave of diamonds through North's ace and queen allows Mrs. East to make two spades, two hearts, four diamonds and a club; nine tricks. On a club lead Mrs. East would have been four down.

Mr. West claims that his bid bluffed the enemy. Mrs. East claims that she has certainly made the maximum by very good play. Mr. North says "Perhaps you didn't hear me bid a club, partner?"

Amidst the deafening noise, poor little Mrs. South sits and prepares to be clubbed to death.

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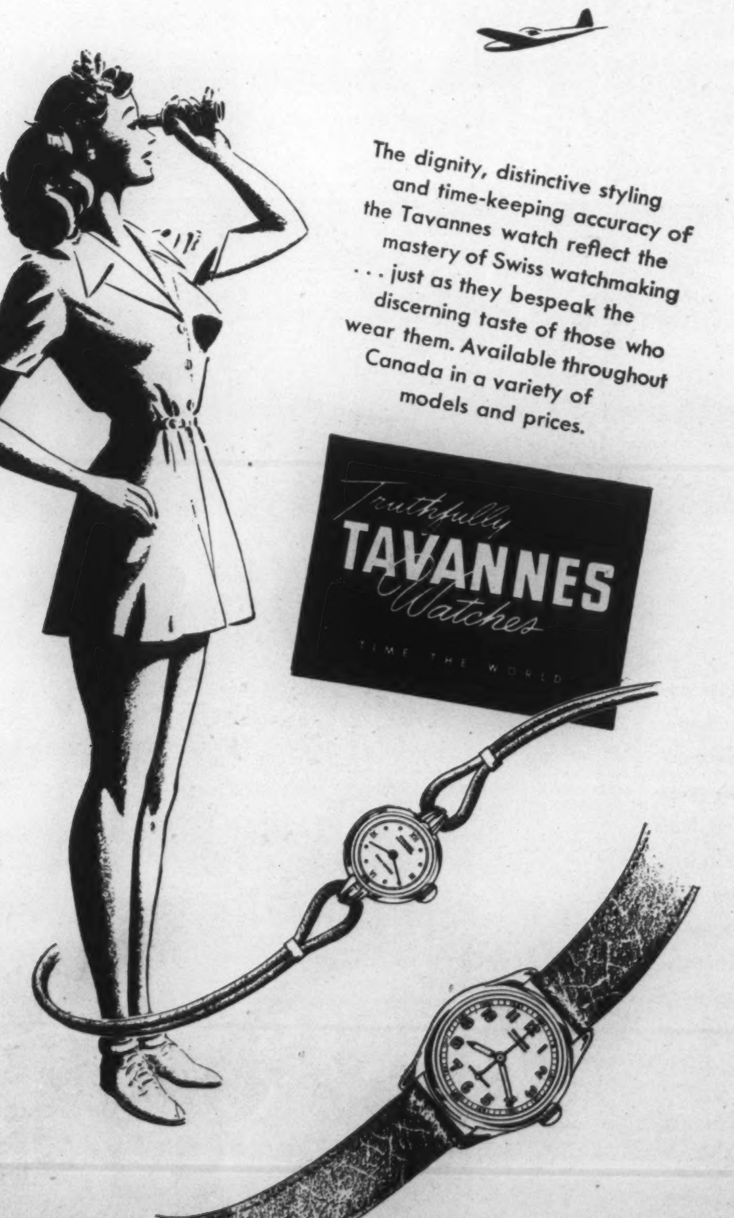

East Meets West in the Salons of Berlin's Thriving Fashion

By ELIZABETH HAY

Berlin.

EAST is meeting west in the international "island" of Berlin, where the age-old language of fashion is breaking down the barriers between the little-known Soviet women and the western women whom they are meeting in the quartered German capital.

Although the wives of Soviet Army officers and men are based on the Soviet sector of Berlin, they flock to the smart salons in the British sector—notably in the Kurfurstendamm in Berlin's west end—for their gowns and dresses. The fashion business is reviving almost faster than any other in the Berlin of today, and German designers, mannequins and tailoring workers are making a good living.

The best clients are undoubtedly the Russian women, as can be seen any day in the attendances at the numerous fashion shows and in the shops. They bring their own materials from the east in many cases, and they pay for designs and work done in the most prized currency in Germany today—food.

There is a regular price equivalent for all kinds of eatables, and dresses are mainly sold on a barter basis. Average prices are technically 5,000 marks ($500), but the Russians give partly marks and partly food and commodities on the following scale:

Butter	$24 per lb.
Sugar	8 per lb.
Bacon	40 per lb.
Meat	8 per lb.
Margarine	14 per lb.
Pork meat	14 per lb.
Flour	3 per lb.

When the Russian women bring their own materials, they pay the equivalent of about 2,000 marks ($200) for making-up, etc. Materials are usually black silk, wool or crepe de chine.

Naturally, the wishes of the eager Russian buyers dominate the trend of fashion. The resultant styles give an eloquent interpretation of what is appealing to the Russian wife of today—the woman who left her native land for a sojourn in Berlin, frontier between east and west, and is meeting for the first

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German fashions for Russian consumption feature eagles embroidered in gold thread, Cossack lines, Oriental emblems in white and gold enamel.

time western women and their way of life.

While the simple, chic lines of some of the creations show that the Russian women are learning fast from their European contacts, the obvious touches here and there show that the German designers are cleverly appealing to the strong nationalistic feelings of their customers.

The drawings shown on this page, were sketched at a fashion show in the Kurfurstendamm by a famous German woman artist, Bronsch. In private life she is the young Countess Alice Von Wedel, wife of a German ex-regular-army officer.

"Christmas Story"

By B. K. SANDWELL

WHEN we received from the Ryerson Press last week, for review purposes, a copy of H. L. Mencken's "Christmas Story," published in the United States by Knopf, with illustrations by Bill Crawford, we were almost as surprised and delighted as we had been many, many years ago when we purchased a copy of J. B. Bury's "History of Freedom of Thought" and found on its title-page the name of William Briggs, Toronto, as that of the Canadian publisher. Dr. Briggs will be recalled by our older readers as having been the head of the Methodist Book Room, of which the Ryerson Press is the lineal descendant. A few days later, however, we received a letter asking us to say nothing about Mr. Mencken's little opus. Although again considerably surprised we should have complied with the request, and nobody should ever have learned from us that the R.P. had for a short time sponsored this work in Canada and then withdrawn the sponsorship. But two days later still Mr. Mencken himself revealed the fact to the world, not without a certain degree of acidity; and since the thing can no longer be kept secret we feel free to discuss it at some length.

There appears to be a possibility that Mr. Mencken may sue the Ryerson Press for alleged breach of contract; and if he does we think we can be helpful to the R.P. in two ways. In the first place Mencken's damages can hardly extend beyond the actual loss of Canadian royalties; and if we can help him to sell as many copies in Canada, by direct purchase from Knopf in New York, as he would have sold through the R.P. without all this adventitious publicity, we shall be cutting his damage claim down to zero. So we hasten to state that "Christmas Story" is a very clever little book, beautifully illustrated, and eminently suitable for a Christmas present to anybody whom you would take (for purposes of pleasure and not sociological study) to visit one of Mr. Drew's cocktail lounges when they begin to serve cocktails.

And in the second place we really do not see how the R.P. could have done much else. It is the official publishing house of the United Church of Canada. The United Church of Canada is officially opposed to the consumption of all alcoholic beverages. "Christmas Story" is definitely in favor of the consumption of alcoholic beverages, especially by bums and outcasts. It is also definitely sympathetic to Antinomianism, which the United Church, in common with most other orthodox bodies, regards as a heresy. (Some of the passages of Scripture which Mr. Mencken cites as supporting Antinomianism do not in our opinion do anything of the kind, and perhaps the R.P. might have put in a paste-in Errata notice calling attention to the flaws in his argument.) There is also in the book a slight air of irreverence towards gospel missions and other types of evangelical effort, which might lead inexperienced readers to suspect that such things do little real good.

Had he been writing in Canada Mr. Mencken would not, we suggest, have thought of submitting his book to the R.P. for publication. Living in New York, he (or equally the Knopf management) would know nothing of the association of the R.P. or of the significance of the name of Ryerson—we mean in past generations, naturally. Those associations must be respected and that significance must be preserved. And Canadians can still — for the censorship has not acted — obtain "Christmas Story" from New York.

A spectator sports dress for the south in a brilliant thunderbird print in red and black on white. The huge cartwheel hat worn with it is by Hattie Carnegie. The dress, by Morgan Fauth of David Crystal, was in the "Fashions of the Times" show presented by the New York Times.

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

I Ring Doorbells and Ask Woman's Opinion of Dear Old X, Y and Z

By EILEEN MORRIS

"MY feet hurt." I wiggled out of my shoes, and leaned back in the booth. My sample case was lying on one side, and a fellow worker on the other. Both looked beat.

"*Your* feet," she groaned. "You should have had my route this morning. So many steps!"

Across the table sat one of the Bright Young Men of the national survey service we represent. He spared us little sympathy, having heard that lament countless times before.

"Eat hearty, and remember, only sixty more contacts and the soap survey is complete. Tomorrow we dope out a presentation of gravy mix." He flicked through that morning's questionnaires. "Now, what was the reaction?"

"A definite leaning toward revolution if soap doesn't become more plentiful," I answered. And then followed one of the familiar noon powwows where we swap stories of our experiences with the Average Canadian Housewife. Because you may be one of the many women we have called on, asking you to test tooth paste or sniff parfum, you may be interested in the doings on the other side of your front door.

Take that very day. Snowy and cold, it was bad for survey work, for women like to go shopping downtown when the weather gets nasty. However, the survey Must Go On, so after confabbing over an odd concoction known as Today's Special in a dismal restaurant, we set out to make the soap chips survey past history.

Packaged in plain paper, the soap boxes are neatly marked X, Y and Z. Children tire of A, B and C, and I understand how they feel. X, Y and Z have been my constant companions for the past three years, and I sometimes wonder if this could lead to anything chronic. X and Y may be competitors' products, and Z the product of the manufacturer who is paying for this show.

At the first house the Little Woman, hair in steel curlers and an ancient housecoat clutched about her, listens with a bored expression.

"I don't pay nothing, but I get the soap chips?" she asks suspiciously.

"Not exactly, madam. We would like you to *test* these soaps. When I call back, you can tell me which soap you prefer."

"Yeh, sure." She grabs the boxes. "You do that."

In three weeks' time, she'll say she never saw me before — if I manage to get her to answer the door.

A bright little homebody at the next house perks my faltering spirits. She listens to my presentation, studies the questionnaire and accepts the soap with courtesy. As I leave, she even offers a cup of tea! Such a gem goes on a "steady" list, and I'll call there often.

My cheery "Good afternoon" is wasted on a sour character down the street. Sensing that I'm up to no good, she slams the door in my face. But remembering that survey girls never can tell what will happen next, I continue on my route. Helping to hang curtains, open stubborn jars or carry in the wash before a storm is all part of the day's work.

It's Postwar!

As a homemaker kept busy tripping to the door, you wonder frantically why businessmen bother with surveys at all. A child can explain it, and did to my delight not long ago. I was asking his mother to test a new face cream and compare it with — that's right — Y and Z. Six-year-old stood between us, deeply interested in the conversation. When his mother demurred, he tugged at her arm. "Mummy, take some" he implored. "The lady says it's postwar, Mummy, *postwar!*"

Yes, it's postwar, and the men who master-minded the products we have read about for six years are now watching you, the consumer, with a calculating eye. Will you buy their particular product in preference to the umpteen others already on the market? If not, why not? Such $64 questions are tossed at the survey bureaus, to be settled by neat, scientific graphs and charts based on thousands of questionnaires gathered from test areas by survey workers.

Because the housewife spends the major portion of the family income, the success of each new gimcrack rests on her approval. So, while I ring doorbells with pencil on the ready, you can bet your last pinch of pepper that somewhere a nervous executive paces the broadloom, awaiting your reaction to his latest brainstorm.

Surveys are eye openers in more ways than one. Some Odd Creatures respond to our summons, as well as many affable fems. Mrs. Cassimano keeps a brood of children quiet while I introduce my query, "What type of toothbrush does the family favor?" Before I can continue, she interrupts. The Cassimanos, she assures me, have never had one of those things in the house. The startling part of it is that the grinning faces display the whitest teeth I've seen outside a technicolor movie!

The Male Reaction

Results are tabulated according to age group, as well as income level. The rich woman is well nigh impossible to contact, as servants do a good job of barring the way. Preserve season is one of those times when we stick close to the office, for no woman will talk to us when she is in the midst of canning peaches!

What of the poor male, caught in his own doorway? Some of the young ones try the whee-whoo technique, but even when we feel a spark of interest, we have to act coldly efficient. Men are suckers for door to door pedlars, panhandlers and canvassers of any kind. Without listening to the presentation, they pull change from their pocket, heartily assuring me that they will "Buy one." It takes quite a bit of explaining to straighten the matter out.

So, until some discerning young man puts me on the other side of the door for life, I'll continue being nosey for a living. The record I compile, multiplied many times over, is the proof positive that takes some of the gamble out of the consumer market.

And besides, it is such fun giving things away!

English Rationing Pays Dividends in Bonnier and Taller Children

By DOROTHY LIVESAY

IN Vancouver before Christmas I stood in a queue half a block long. A clock said ten past ten, which meant I was late and had not much hope. The doors had been opened, as advertised, at ten o'clock. We moved along, slowly at first, then more and more rapidly. Women stepped out of the door ahead with a smug smile on their faces, clutching a small white box. One of them passed me with: "Never mind dearie. If you don't get one today they're open again on Friday." Well, she was right. For just as I got into the shop doorway the girl said to those ahead: "That is the last box, Madam."

I felt like kicking myself. It did not look as if I would be giving chocolates as Christmas presents. Yet only a week before, in Toronto, I had been able to walk into any of a dozen candy stores and buy a pound without any waiting. They were open all day, every day. And in England, the week before, armed with coupons, I had bought my month's supply, one pound of chocolates, and given it to a friend who has a sweeter tooth.

This struggle for sweets is one that has been going on in the west all through the war, but it is only one of many examples which have proved to me beyond a doubt that what we require in Canada is not less rationing but far more. In England the housewife can be sure of giving her family a balanced diet and a certain supply each week of items which western Canadians have to live in the downtown streets to find at all: items like cheese, lard and soap.

The only cheese in Vancouver at the moment is imported Dutch Gouda at 95 cents a pound. In England good Canadian cheese is half the price and each person, even children, are entitled to and get their quarter pound a week. Soap flakes, laundry soap and toilet soap are all to be had on the ration each month and with care, they last. The English housewife does complain about the low fat ration — seven ounces of butter, margarine and lard per week per person. But she does manage to bake with it.

One Sunday evening, when bread

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"Let's make them want to come back!"

PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY JOHN LABATT LIMITED

and butter is heavily consumed in our house, I put some smuggled British margarine in the butter dish and watched the family and guests dig in with relish. "Have more," I offered, "we are ahead on butter this week." They had more, and only afterwards of course did I disillusion them. For British margarine today, fortified with vitamins, is very difficult to distinguish from butter. Why can't we have it?

There is of course, another side to the picture which one receives on coming home: the shops bursting with oranges, grapefruit, bananas: the great variety of meat; and the eggs. If only you could send some of those eggs overseas! Egg powder is what they use for baking and omelets, but it palls. One fresh egg a month is not enough. It is a good sign, one feels, that Canadians are relinquishing their meat coupons voluntarily in order to ensure that more goes overseas. But doesn't this prove that we do not need so much meat, and that stricter rationing could ensure government, rather than voluntary action? England needs more of our meat! Meat is a morale builder as well as an energy builder and on these two fronts there are signs, in Britain, that the people are losing heart.

Who Are Your Friends?

There are two very distinct points of view over there and it all depends on who are one's relatives and friends, to discover one's own impression of the people. On trains and planes I overheard well-to-do Canadian women comparing notes as they left England for our comfortable shores. "What a terrible attitude British women have," I heard. "They seem to have lost all hope." "They cannot spend their money and they do not want to have it taxed, so they are buying nothing but jewellery."

"On the other hand," said another Canadian, "I must say I found them very well dressed." "Well—if you walk down Regent Street, yes. But how do they buy all the clothes, with so few coupons?"

"Didn't you know?" said a third. "Those who can afford it buy coupon books from poor families with lots of children. Because then they can buy second-hand clothing for their kiddies, and you don't need coupons for anything, second-hand."

I myself heard more grousing from those who had always had plenty than from the working people of England who for the first time are enjoying a sense of security and whose children are receiving milk and a hot meal at school every day, as well as orange juice and bananas at home.

But a friend of mine with a charming home and plenty of money with which to deal in the Black Market, said: "Oh these everlasting children. The Government is spoiling them to death." And a man was heard to remark, not without venom: "These nursing mothers! I hope never to hear of nursing mothers for the rest of my days."

But by this means England's future is assured. You never see young children crippled or rickety or flat footed as was so often the case even ten years ago in England. Not only are their height and weight increasing but they look to be the bonniest children in the world. It seems as though the small undersized Cockney of London, the slight and often scrawny chambermaids and waitresses will become as tall as England's intellectual giants — young men and women of the middle and upper class who have been nurtured to grow over six feet.

These young people, in music, poetry and painting, are giving England the color she lacks in her drab streets, boarded-up windows, blank spaces. In London there are all-night queues to get tickets for the opera and ballet. The Arts Council has revived the theatre all over England, by subsidizing local groups who then re-opened disused buildings. While as yet there are no very original plays being written, the revivals from Shakespeare to Shaw are full of vitality and there is a new and creative development in modern opera. Benjamin Brittain's famous "Peter Grimes" is followed, this season, by "This Way to the Tomb".

But the greatest contrast between the old land and Canada comes, to my mind, in the field of radio. Even beside the "Light" program, which contains variety, light music, operetta and drama, our own fantastic medley of commercials and tin-pan music with an occasional sop to classical (never modern) music, seems crude and frankly corrupting. The aim of the B.B.C. on the other hand is to raise public taste; if you graduate from the "Light" program and begin to find adult education interesting as well as excellent concerts, you tune in on the "Home" program.

And now, for the real highbrow, comes the "Third" program with nothing but live symphonies, quartets, choral works, many of them hot from the composer's head. Here you will hear the best modern poetry read aloud, as well as an interpretation of Chaucer. Greek plays vie with modern radio drama by poets like Louis Macneice; and G.B.S. can sit at home listening to five hours of his own "Man and Superman"—with time out, of course, for a cup of tea.

No, it is not easy to come home and leave behind a country so conscious of itself, enriching itself daily on its own history.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Recipe For a Happier Christmas: Season with Goodwill, Don't Stir

By JANET MARCH

THE Christmas spirit gets rather roughly handled these days, and a good many people seem to have forgotten that the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men". As far as peace is concerned it is wise to turn your eyes away from Palestine and other trouble spots on the globe but, even passing up peace, goodwill is very hard to come by.

The harassed women one sees racing round crowded shops are no doubt aiming at having a tidy house by Christmas Eve with the tree trimmed, the parcels tied, the cards neatly arranged with the ugliest ones at the back, the turkey stuffed and the pudding waiting to be set alight. This is a very fine ambition but the means employed are deplorable.

Department stores are filled with tired children asking to be taken home, pulled along by stern faced women muttering, "You wait till I get you out of here!" If you line up peaceably for a bottle of Christmas cheer or a pair of nylons to give the charwoman—who is so much better dressed than you are yourself—some pushing person will try to beat you out by jumping the line. You have to turn pugnacious or be cheated of your precious time—only so many days to Christmas.

While you are waiting usually the customer ahead is beefing "What! Not in my size? Don't you know the war is over?" The salesgirl looks bored, she wears six triple A's herself and can't get them, and last night the big store remained open an extra hour so that its employees might shop, and so many outsiders stayed in the employees couldn't get near the counters.

All the motorists drive like crazy too, and take pleasure in yelling rude remarks at other drivers. The preparations should be fun in fact really the best fun of all and not a battle of tempers. Take a full measure of goodwill and blend thoroughly and we can still make the best Christmas celebration we've had for many a year.

When we were young Christmas was a time of feverish waiting, but as we grow older time races past like a streamliner. As it is the seniors of the family who do most of the cooking try and save time on meals by not having too elaborate ones.

Mercifully there are lots of canned things this year. You can vary the taste of the soups by mixing two together and adding milk instead of the water the directions call for. Sherry is good too in oxtail as well as consommé. When tinned soups were hard to get in any variety I launched into home soup making. Some sorts are always good but every so often my meat stock tastes definitely as if I had added a little soap. This is not well thought of by the Marches and never happens if you stick to reliable tins.

In No Time

There aren't as many canned vegetables as in the old days but thank heaven for the return of the tomato; and quite often you can get those extra green peas. Even canned meat is usually on the shelves even if it is only the pork variety. If you chill it well, slice it thin and arrange it with finely shredded cabbage round it, it is very good—and quick. Bake the potatoes and in the oven put the contents of a can of tomatoes thickened with breadcrumbs and seasoned with grated cheese on the top.

End up with a fruit salad and a cake bought, or otherwise, and you have a very creditable dinner which has taken almost no time to prepare.

Another way to be sure of feeding your family on time for dinner is to get the main part of the meal ready before you go out and then re-heat it. It is usually said that stews and fricassées improve by standing and taste better the second day. You can have home-made chicken pies ready very quickly if you make the chicken part in the morning, and either buy or make your crust and just roll it out and pop it on before dinner.

Chicken Pie

1 boiling fowl
1 stalk of celery
2 bay leaves
2 whole cloves
A pinch of thyme
2 teaspoons of salt
Pepper
Water to cover

Have the fowl cut up or buy the cut up pieces which most of the shops sell these days. Cover with water, add the celery and seasonings and simmer tightly covered for about two hours. Then take out the pieces of chicken and boil the remaining liquid hard until you have about three cupfuls left. Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat in a frying pan and stir in the same amount of flour and brown it lightly, then add the liquor the chicken cooked in straining it as you pour it into the frying pan. Stir until it has thickened.

When the pieces of chicken have cooled slightly cut off the meat, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, and put it in the deep pie dish you are going to use. Pour on the gravy you have made and put in the refrigerator till you are ready to put on the pie crust and bake in the oven. If you are short of shortening don't bother putting on a crust at all but just reheat in the oven for dinner.

Now that we can get apricots again try making that old favorite—

Apricot Whip

1 tablespoon of gelatin
¼ cup of cold water
6 tablespoons of sugar
¾ cup of apricots stewed and put through a sieve
1 tablespoon of lemon juice
A pinch of salt
½ cup of boiling water
3 egg whites

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Melt the sugar in the boiling water and pour on to the gelatine and apricots. Add the lemon juice and salt. Beat the egg whites till they are very stiff and cut into the apricot mixture. Pour into a mould and chill. This, like most desserts, is better with whipped cream if you can raise any.

"Facts of Life" Nonplus Us, Too

By VINIA HOOGSTRATEN

ACCORDING to the child psychology authorities, it is a matter of incalculable importance that a youngster's questions about his origin be answered correctly. They are so definite about it that most of us parents are hopelessly intimidated. We blanch at the smallest hint that a question is brewing, lest, clumsily, we damage a small psyche forever.

There are children who listen to the tale of the birds and the bees, figure the whole thing out, and lead happy, wholesome, well-adjusted lives. We know there are such children because we keep reading about them in psychology books. In our family it's different. The birds and bees merely produce a baffled expression, and the remark that they just wanted to know where babies come from.

Our first-born was still a toddler when I attended my first lecture on Parent Education. The subject was "Answering the Child's Questions." It all sounded so simple. I came home with my mind filled with a glowing picture of myself, drawing an unspecified number of children to my knee and, gently and beautifully, explaining to them the wonder of unfolding life. I often look back pityingly on the innocent dope I used to be.

To begin with, our children make it a practice never to listen to anything together, except things not intended for their ears at all. It took us some time to realize this, as they both look at us attentively, as we expound and explain, but we found as time went on that they have formed an obscure understanding. If one listens the other does not.

And how can you explain, from an upstairs window, not just to your own children, but to those of half the neighborhood, why cats can't either have puppies if they want to? I defy any woman to handle that gently and beautifully.

Not In The Book

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NEW RUNNERLESS STRAWBERRY

BARON SOLEMACHER. This greatly superior variety produces the largest berries from seed of any variety. Flowers eight weeks from seed. Easily grown. Does not have runners but produces great quantities of finest fruit throughout the season. Delicious flavor and aroma of wild strawberries. A showy pot plant and fine for garden. Plant now. Order direct from this advertisement. (Pkt 25¢) (3 pkts 50¢) postpaid.

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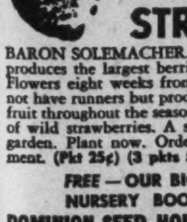

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD
gives a flower-like complexion for this important occasion. Will not disappoint.
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan 3.

NAUSEA due to motion upsetting the organs of balance, relieved with MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

For Land and Sea travel. Satisfactory results, or money refunded.

—THE WORLD OVER

It's Christmas

in the children's eyes,

in breathless "oh's" of awed surprise

where pixies in pyjamas find

the treasure Santa left behind!

EATON'S

CONCERNING FOOD

Recipe For a Happier Christmas: Season with Goodwill, Don't Stir

By JANET MARCH

THE Christmas spirit gets rather roughly handled these days, and a good many people seem to have forgotten that the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men". As far as peace is concerned it is wise to turn your eyes away from Palestine and other trouble spots on the globe but, even passing up peace, goodwill is very hard to come by.

The harassed women one sees racing round crowded shops are no doubt aiming at having a tidy house by Christmas Eve with the tree trimmed, the parcels tied, the cards neatly arranged with the ugliest ones at the back, the turkey stuffed and the pudding waiting to be set alight. This is a very fine ambition but the means employed are deplorable.

Department stores are filled with tired children asking to be taken home, pulled along by stern faced women muttering, "You wait till I get you out of here!" If you line up peaceably for a bottle of Christmas cheer or a pair of nylons to give the charwoman—who is so much better dressed than you are yourself—some pushing person will try to beat you out by jumping the line. You have to turn pugnacious or be cheated of your precious time—only so many days to Christmas.

While you are waiting usually the customer ahead is beefing "What! Not in my size? Don't you know the war is over?" The salesgirl looks bored, she wears six triple A's herself and can't get them, and last night the big store remained open an extra hour so that its employees might shop, and so many outsiders stayed in the employees couldn't get near the counters.

All the motorists drive like crazy too, and take pleasure in yelling rude remarks at other drivers. The preparations should be fun in fact really the best fun of all and not a battle of tempers. Take a full measure of goodwill and blend thoroughly and we can still make the best Christmas celebration we've had for many a year.

When we were young Christmas was a time of feverish waiting, but as we grow older time races past like a streamliner. As it is the seniors of the family who do most of the cooking try and save time on meals by not having too elaborate ones.

Mercifully there are lots of canned things this year. You can vary the taste of the soups by mixing two together and adding milk instead of the water the directions call for. Sherry is good too in oxtail as well as consommé. When tinned soups were hard to get in any variety I launched into home soup making. Some sorts are always good but every so often my meat stock tastes definitely as if I had added a little soap. This is not well thought of by the Marches and never happens if you stick to reliable tins.

In No Time

There aren't as many canned vegetables as in the old days but thank heaven for the return of the tomato; and quite often you can get those extra green peas. Even canned meat is usually on the shelves even if it is only the pork variety. If you chill it well, slice it thin and arrange it with finely shredded cabbage round it, it is very good—and quick. Bake the potatoes and in the oven put the contents of a can of tomatoes thickened with breadcrumbs and seasoned with grated cheese on the top.

End up with a fruit salad and a cake bought, or otherwise, and you have a very creditable dinner which has taken almost no time to prepare.

Another way to be sure of feeding your family on time for dinner is to get the main part of the meal ready before you go out and then re-heat it. It is usually said that stews and fricassées improve by standing and taste better the second day. You can have home-made chicken pies ready very quickly if you make the chicken part in the morning, and either buy or make your crust and just roll it out and pop it on before dinner.

Chicken Pie

1 boiling fowl
1 stalk of celery
2 bay leaves
2 whole cloves
A pinch of thyme
2 teaspoons of salt
Pepper
Water to cover

Have the fowl cut up or buy the cut up pieces which most of the shops sell these days. Cover with water, add the celery and seasonings and simmer tightly covered for about two hours. Then take out the pieces of chicken and boil the remaining liquid hard until you have about three cupfuls left. Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat in a frying pan and stir in the same amount of flour and brown it lightly, then add the liquor the chicken cooked in straining it as you pour it into the frying pan. Stir until it has thickened.

When the pieces of chicken have cooled slightly cut off the meat, sprinkle it with salt and pepper, and put it in the deep pie dish you are going to use. Pour on the gravy you have made and put in the refrigerator till you are ready to put on the pie crust and bake in the oven. If you are short of shortening don't bother putting on a crust at all but just reheat in the oven for dinner.

Now that we can get apricots again try making that old favorite—

Apricot Whip

1 tablespoon of gelatin
¼ cup of cold water
6 tablespoons of sugar
¾ cup of apricots stewed and put through a sieve
1 tablespoon of lemon juice
A pinch of salt
½ cup of boiling water
3 egg whites

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Melt the sugar in the boiling water and pour on to the gelatine and apricots. Add the lemon juice and salt. Beat the egg whites till they are very stiff and cut into the apricot mixture. Pour into a mould and chill. This, like most desserts, is better with whipped cream if you can raise any.

"Facts of Life" Nonplus Us, Too

By VINIA HOOGSTRATEN

ACCORDING to the child psychology authorities, it is a matter of incalculable importance that a youngster's questions about his origin be answered correctly. They are so definite about it that most of us parents are hopelessly intimidated. We blanch at the smallest hint that a question is brewing, lest, clumsily, we damage a small psyche forever.

There are children who listen to the tale of the birds and the bees, figure the whole thing out, and lead happy, wholesome, well-adjusted lives. We know there are such children because we keep reading about them in psychology books. In our family it's different. The birds and bees merely produce a baffled expression, and the remark that they just wanted to know where babies come from.

Our first-born was still a toddler when I attended my first lecture on Parent Education. The subject was "Answering the Child's Questions." It all sounded so simple. I came home with my mind filled with a glowing picture of myself, drawing an unspecified number of children to my knee and, gently and beautifully, explaining to them the wonder of unfolding life. I often look back pityingly on the innocent dope I used to be.

To begin with, our children make it a practice never to listen to anything together, except things not intended for their ears at all. It took us some time to realize this, as they both look at us attentively, as we expound and explain, but we found as time went on that they have formed an obscure understanding. If one listens the other does not.

And how can you explain, from an upstairs window, not just to your own children, but to those of half the neighborhood, why cats can't either have puppies if they want to? I defy any woman to handle that gently and beautifully.

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"Why yes, I guess they could."

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"Oh no, dear," I said hurriedly, "you don't have to be married to get a dog."

"You don't?" Daughter was astounded. There was a long pause while she digested this, and then, in a tone of enlightenment, she said, "Just babies, huh?"

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The relationship of marriage to babies gave us some bad moments, too. On her arrival at her uncle's wedding reception, Daughter demanded to see the baby, and expressed loud disappointment and unbelief when told there wasn't one. She had understood that when people were married they had babies, and she made it clear she thought the service there was terrible.

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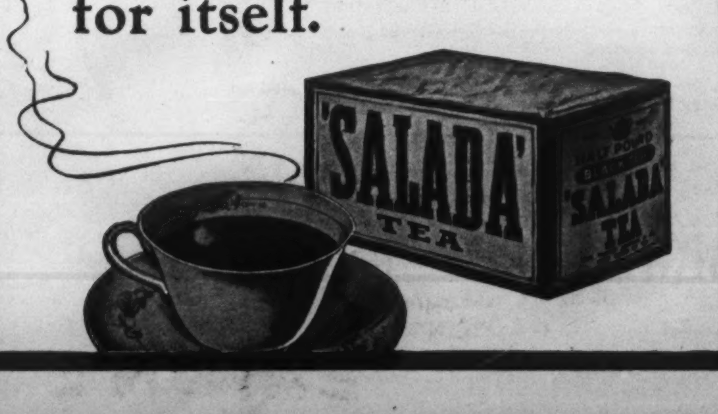

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EATON'S

U.K. Exports Will Ease Her Dollar Shortage

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Because of the increased price of food in Britain since the North American loan was contracted, the loan will not last two years and there is no indication that Britain's economy will be stabilized by then. Britain's export trade must be built up to counterbalance that of the dollar-countries. She must not only economize in dollars but also earn more of them directly by her export trade. High-grade textiles and other goods would find a ready market in America.

An out-and-out production drive to increase the total available for export to Europe as well as America is an excellent way to overcome the dollar shortage.

London.

EVEN if U.S. prices had remained more or less steady it would have been a hard job to make the £1,200 million of the U.S. and Canadian credits last until Britain got onto her feet, preparatory to the great repayment obligations which begin in 1950. Now it is calculated that more than 1,000 million extra dollars would be required to obtain the same volume of goods as the U.S. credit of 3,750 million would have bought when negotiated, even if purchases were spread evenly over the commodity range, whereas, in fact, nearly a half of the loan has so far been spent on foods, which have risen far more than the average. At the present rate of expenditure the loans will not last out two years, and there is nothing in the position to suggest that Britain's economy will be stabilized by then.

It is against this background that the Exchange Control Bill has to be viewed. All through the war there was only a rough-and-ready system of controlling foreign exchange transactions, but now, in the second year of peace, all the regulations are being formalized to make exchange control a permanent feature of the administrative machine, and to make them more or less watertight against the leakages which weakened the efficacy of the old method. If individuals were free to acquire foreign goods and currencies at will and to send their capital where they pleased there would be a breakdown of the whole import-export plan within a matter of weeks.

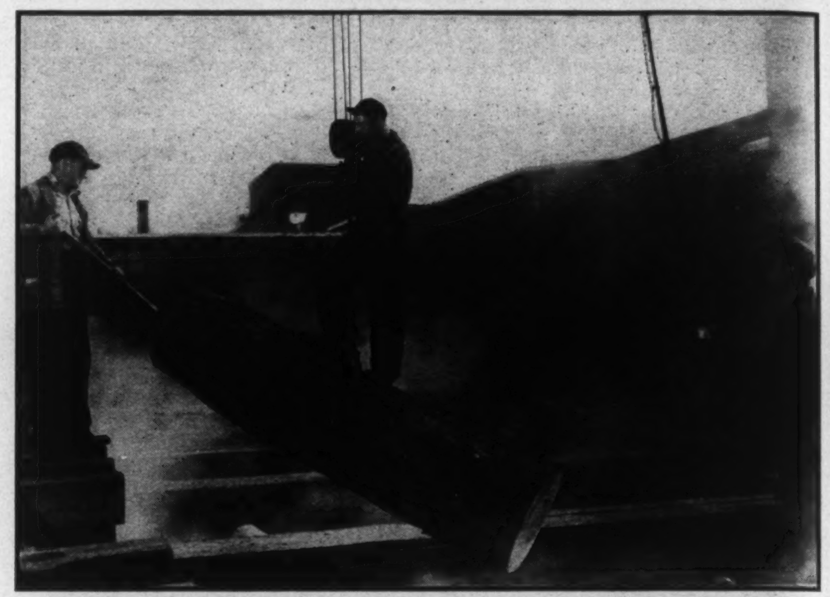
These gloomy thoughts do not arise from a cursory glance at the balance of payments figures for the current year. A year ago an adverse balance of £750 million was forecast, and in fact, judging by the results of 10 months, the adverse balance on physical account will be little more than half of that amount. But a marked difference between one area and another is characteristic of post-war trade, and it is no longer permissible to take a lump figure without analyzing it. The analysis shows a much less satisfactory position.

Of the credit or debit balances with the individual countries, two stand out as conspicuously large. They are both on the debit side; and they are both in dollars. In the nine months for which detailed figures are available, the U.S.A. and Canada bought only £27 million and £22 million of goods, respectively, for exports to the U.K. of £163 million and £140 million; and, with Cuba and Santa Domingo added, trade with four dollar-countries showed an adverse balance of £275 million.

In normal theory it does not matter if A buys nothing at all from B, provided that B sells to C, and C in its turn sells to A. Theoretically there is no reason whatever why British

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Cars, Ships, and Trains May Be Made of Plywood Soon



The manufacture of plywood is not new; it was, in fact, made in Egypt 4,000 years ago, but the product which the Egyptians stuck together with goat's milk has little in common with its modern equivalent now being used for motor boats, airplanes, refrigerator cars and beer barrels. Under pressure of war needs scientists developed phenolic resins which in conjunction with birch veneers make, it is claimed, a material stronger than steel. At the Canadian International Paper Co.'s new plant at Gatineau, where these pictures were taken, 1,000,000 square feet of plywood are being turned out weekly. After immersion in log pond, logs are ridden by "plywood commandos" into soaking vats, which are flooded with water heated to 160 degrees, and left for 24 hours.

On removal, bark is ripped off, logs cut to required lengths, and hauled to peeling lathe where, spinning at high speed, they are stripped in the same way that ribbon is unwound from a spool; a 12-inch log, 8-feet long, yields approximately 520 square feet of 1/8-inch veneer. As it speeds down conveyor, poor patches are cut out and product is next sorted according to size and quality, and dried. Glue is applied to either side of middle layer, or core, grain of which for greater strength runs opposite that of other two sections. Plywood "sandwiches" are now placed in hot press (below) for final process of heating and binding permanently.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Management Makes Overtures

By P. M. RICHARDS

WE APPROACH the end of 1946 with some things, at least, to be thankful for. On the home front, both in Canada and the United States, the most disturbing single element has been the fact that every one of the many strikes has been settled on the basis of expediency, not principle; that every concession forced by labor has left capital more exposed to attack from the same direction. The prospect seemed to be that industry would be choked to death, and the consuming public with it. Now we have the fact that the wave of anti-labor union feeling created by the recent coal stoppage is likely to make union leaders less aggressive in future; and another, that the indications that prices of some commodities are already weakening and may soon be part of a general price decline will also tend to moderate labor demands for further wage increases. These changes in attitude on the part of organized labor and the public may be more important than the impending labor-restrictive legislation by the new Congress. It is to be hoped that Congress does not go too far and create new resentments.

And speaking of changes in attitude, in the field of labor relations nothing could be more encouraging, in this writer's opinion, than the new policy of moderation adopted by the National Association of Manufacturers at its annual convention a fortnight ago. Walter B. Weisenburger, N.A.M.'s executive vice-president and its chief permanent officer, admitted that in the past business had often opposed labor and social legislation without offering any constructive program of its own, but asserted that it had now learned better.

No More Double-Talk

The National Association of Manufacturers was now, he said, trying to establish itself as an organization "believing that industry and the country's welfare must move forward together." Therefore it would make its contributions to the solution of national economic problems with "no double-talk, no weasel-wording, no ducking the tough ones." While the N.A.M. hoped to rectify "the unbalanced collective bargaining relationship between labor and management," business must remember that U.S. electors had not voted "to destroy unions or to do away with collective bargaining, or to deny labor the right to strike or to wipe out its legitimate gains."

And note this from Earl Bunting, elected N.A.M.'s president for 1947: "I think it's time we united this country. Much of our present strife is a 50-50 proposition, caused by stiff-necked managements and stiff-necked labor leaders. Employers have been as dumb as it's possible to be, not frank with either the employees or the public." He added that the N.A.M.'s change of attitude "is an evolutionary thing, more than an about-face; it's an abandonment of prejudices which some of us have had in the past. It's our aim now to go right down the middle of the road."

These words have the ring of sincerity about them, and if the National Association of Manufacturers really tries to live up to them, it could mean no less than the beginning of a new era in labor management relations. Certainly no time could be more appropriate for such a change of attitude; a virtual state of war between management and labor has existed for many months, an enormous amount of greatly needed production has gone by the board, and not only industry's ability to provide employment but even its ability to survive has been brought in question. A confidence-inspiring fact is that the N.A.M. convention approved Weisenburger's and Bunting's new-attitude speeches before John L. Lewis ordered his miners back to work, when anti-labor feeling might have been expected to make such action impossible.

Management's Objectives

Clarence B. Randall, chairman of N.A.M.'s industrial relations committee, urged four main objectives: (1) wages as high as productivity would justify, with incentives to encourage superior performance and output; (2) the safeguarding of the health, dignity and self-respect of individual workers; (3) employment stabilization by every means within management's control, and (4) the promotion of a spirit of cooperation by friendly exposition of company policy, problems and outlook.

All this makes pleasant reading indeed for the so-much-abused public, and suggests that management at least has learned its lesson. But has labor? It would be heartening to have similar declarations of consideration for the common weal from the leaders of organized labor. Perhaps we shall have them, since otherwise public opinion, already sharply critical of labor aggressiveness, may be expected to demand action by Congress that is punitive rather than restrictive or regulatory. British union labor learned, by union-curbing legislation which followed the general strike of 1926, that the injured public could express itself effectively.

If these professions of goodwill by the National Association of Manufacturers should indeed produce appropriate responses from the labor unions, and the public should see evidence that both sides are trying to live up to them, the prospects for the maintenance of business activity and employment would be greatly impoved, because the current gloom is very largely psychological. With the world and ourselves in such great need of goods and services, there is no reason (apart, of course, from the considerable harm we have already done ourselves by stoppages of production) why there should be any talk of an early depression. If we have one, we shall have made it ourselves.

(Continued from Page 26)

trade with the dollar-countries should balance, provided, say, that the dollar countries have an adverse balance (in monetary terms) with Europe, and that Britain has a corresponding favorable balance with Europe. But North America emerged from the war as the world's strongest trading area, while Europe was grievously weakened. North America has a surplus, Europe a deficiency. And it is no use for Britain to supply Europe with deficient materials and expect to get food and other necessaries from North America in exchange, because the Continent cannot provide to North America the balancing means of payment. Most of Europe's currencies are by no means "hard".

Overall Picture Better

The overall picture is not quite so awkward as that, for some sterling countries can supply goods which are much needed outside the sterling area. South Africa, for instance, now practically level with India among Britain's customers, had an adverse balance of £44 million in the period on her trade with the U.K.; which balance can be settled in gold—and gold is, of course, equal to the "hardest" of currencies. India herself, with an adverse balance of only £9 million, has for years been a valuable earner of dollars; but Britain owes to India more than £1,200 million—more, that is, than the original value of the U.S. and Canadian loans.

The natural balance will no longer achieve itself and may have to be consciously sought. Hence the talk of directing exports to the dollar-countries as a priority. It is argued that Britain must not only economize dollars but also at the same time earn more of them directly by her export trade. High-grade textiles and other such goods would certainly find a ready market in North America if the necessary supplies were available, and it is true that much goodwill is being lost where we can least afford to lose it owing to the inability under the present system to supply what is wanted.

If any such discrimination has to be adopted, however, it will be a confession of yet another failure on the international plane. The needs of America are nothing compared with those of the devastated and of the under-developed countries, and if Britain were to revert to the archaic principle of balancing trade with individual countries it would not augur well for the international free trade which I.T.O. may help to establish. An out-and-out production drive, to increase the total available for export, is a much healthier way to overcome the dollar shortage.

Since Associated Equipment Co., builders of London's buses, have resumed production for civilian purposes, over 1,600 vehicles have been ordered for overseas markets. These include 66 special type tractors for use by Iraq Petroleum Co. on construction of new oil pipeline from Baghdad to Haifa and single and double-deck coaches for Argentina and Uruguay. Above chassis are just off production lines at Southall plant.

NEWS OF THE MINES

B.C. Mineral Production Higher Despite Long Labor Strikes

By JOHN M. GRANT

NOTWITHSTANDING the long labor strike in the gold and copper mines of British Columbia, together with other difficulties experienced by the industry, the Department of Mines in that province expects an increase in the value of mineral output for 1946. The strike at the gold mines lasted 145 days, but an earlier settlement was effected by the copper producers. At present no time is being lost in getting the various properties back to the maximum production possible with the prevailing shortage of manpower. In a recent report, Dr. Hartley Sargent, chief mining engineer for the province, estimated an increase in value of mineral production this year of 10 per cent. The strike commenced on July 3rd and Dr. Sargent stated that the output of gold and copper had been negligible since, also the production of silver, lead and zinc somewhat reduced. The increase in the value of mineral production is attributed to higher prices for all principal metals except gold. He observed that despite reduced quantities of silver, lead and zinc, the value had risen sufficiently to offset the decline in both gold and copper, and increased the total value of principal metals over the 1945 figures by approximately 14 per cent.

The past year has seen prospecting and exploration actively carried on in many parts of British Columbia. The greatly increased price of silver, and the improved prices of lead and zinc have encouraged work in the Portland Canal, Slocan, Ainsworth, and Nelson areas. A major program bearing on the transportation and grinding of ore and on stope filling has been undertaken by the Sullivan mine. It is pointed out by Dr. Sargent that although gold-mining possibilities have been affected adversely by price changes, production was resumed during the year at Zeballos and at the Polaris-Taku mine, and much exploratory work has been done in all the principal gold camps and in some areas where no producing mines exist.

British Columbia's largest gold producer, Bralorne Mines, reported no production at all for the quarter ending September 30. In the six months prior to the shutdown on July 3rd, due to the strike, output was 31,151 ounces of gold from 59,711 tons, an average of 0.52 ounce gold per ton. It was expected milling would be resumed early this month and as the company has a million tons of ore in sight grading at least half an ounce, substantial profits are assured despite the higher costs. The manpower situation has not improved sufficiently to allow re-opening of Summit King Mines, its Nevada subsidiary.

A full crew of underground men was recently reported engaged by Hedley Mascot Gold Mines, in the Osoyoos mining division of British Columbia, and development work resumed. The company is installing equipment in the mill to provide for cyaniding concentrates and elimin-

(Continued on Page 31)

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HON. J. G. GARDINER
Minister of Agriculture

Annually, pulp and paper expends more than $25 million for food, fodder, and pulpwood which mostly goes to those engaged in agriculture. Some $75 million a year in wages goes to woods workers, a large percentage of whom are farmers.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

E.C.H., Winnipeg, Man. — Operations of OTTAWA CAR AND AIRCRAFT LTD. for the current year have again proved disappointing, as was the case in 1945, when the report showed a loss of $54,045. That was the result of the transition from substantial war orders to peacetime conditions. It is reported officially that "while the company has a fair volume of orders on hand, continent-wide labor difficulties, shortages of material and price controls have contributed largely to this situation, but better results are anticipated with an improvement in conditions generally." The capitalization of the company consists only of 90,000 shares of no par value. During 1944, the company had operated to capacity in manufacturing major components for the Lancaster and Curtis dive-bomber programs, as well as on miscellaneous items of war material.

M. A. R., Huntsville, Ont.—VALDORA MINES is a new development having just been incorporated last month. It owns a group of claims (approximately 730 acres) in Louvicourt Goldfield on the north, Abaska Lake on the south and El Sol on the west. The authorized capitalization is 3,500,000 shares and 1,000,000 were issued for the properties. An underwriting and option agreement has been effected with Bryan Newkirk and associates, which involves a firm commitment of $50,000. The property has had a geological and magnetometer survey, stripping and trenching, and a small amount of shallow diamond drilling. In the southwestern section of the property, four of the diamond drill holes by previous operators contained sections ranging from one to seven feet in core length and carrying values from a low of $2.80 to a high of $30.10. I understand a diamond drilling contract has been awarded and that the first machine is on the property.

G. W. R., Hamilton, Ont.—ARNTFIELD MINING CORP. is lacking sufficient funds to complete the depth development program and unless arrangements under consideration are completed at once work will have to be curtailed. The necessity for some kind of a re-organization is evident when it is realized that approximately 3,300,000 shares are outstanding of the 3,500,000 share capitalization. The shares you hold are apparently Arntfield Gold Mines and the assets of this company were acquired by Arntfield Mining Corporation on a basis of one new for four old shares, subject to pool. I understand the development being carried out on the two new bottom levels are showing some of the best ore sections opened up in the history of

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Market Pros and Cons

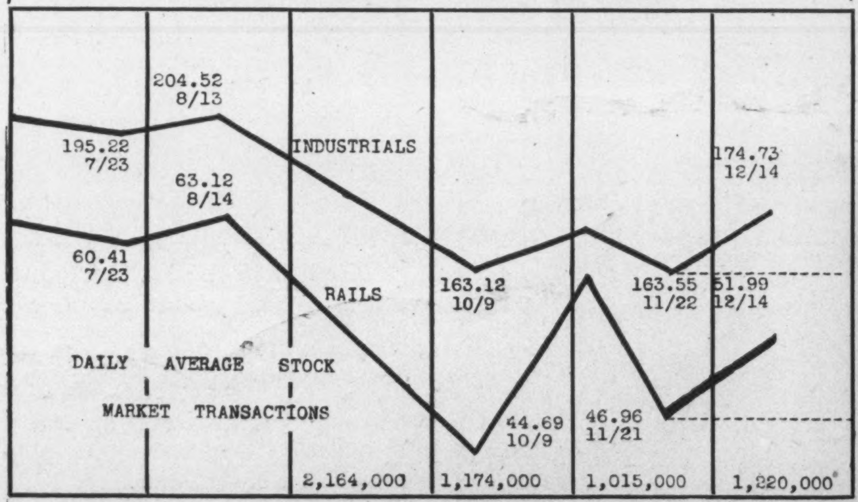
BY HARUSPEX

THE LONG-TERM MARKET N.Y. STOCK MARKET TREND: While the decline of the past several months has gone some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turn-about has yet been reached.

THE SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The May-October decline carried stock prices below the current level of business and earnings. Accordingly, a base for intermediate recovery is present, out of which a substantial rally could develop, barring fresh labor upsets of major character.

Business and the stock market have been out of step over recent months. The former is holding at a fairly high level that promises to carry into 1947, whereas the latter, following a fifty-point break in New York (in terms of the Dow-Jones industrial average) has moved in a sidewise direction or trading range for some three months. Meanwhile, or during the progress of the trading range, a number of developments have taken place falling on the bullish side. These are (1) the American Congressional elections, indicating a conservative turn by the American voter, (2) a rate increase of appreciable magnitude to the American rails, (3) a growing belief that the new Congress will take steps to curb the labor monopoly that has contributed so largely to reduced production of durable goods since war's end. These various developments lend a background out of which an intermediate recovery, barring fresh strikes in major industries, could easily develop. Should such upmovement be witnessed over the weeks ahead, its normal limits would be around the 185/190 level on the Dow-Jones industrial average.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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the mine. The reported intention is, if financing arrangements are not quickly arranged, to curtail almost all operations, but the mine will be kept clear of water in readiness for resumption.

L.J.D., Moncton, N.B.—With earnings at record levels, SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. OF CANADA has increased its dividend rate on the common stock and still is able to pay for the balance of extensive expansion out of working capital. It was announced at the annual meeting that quarterly dividend is being increased from 15c to 20c with the payment due Feb. 1, with an extra of 20c. The 60c annual rate had been in force since February, 1942. Earnings amply cover the 80c per share, amounting to $2.72 per share, including refundable taxes of 30c per share, for year ended Aug. 31, as compared with $2.14 for the previous year and $1.78 two years ago. The expansion provides for new manufacturing installations and the extension of facilities throughout the plans, and will cost $2,000,000. A portion of this, $800,000, was provided for during the year ended Aug. 31, 1946, despite which working capital was only reduced from $6,071,252 to $5,823,695.

N. C. B., Niagara Falls, Ont.—The only recent change in the ADVANCE RED LAKE GOLD MINES situation is the company's withdrawal from the financing agreement made last spring on the property of Canty Gold Mines (1945) Ltd. in the Hedley district of British Columbia. I understand that considerable surface exploration and diamond drilling was carried out during the summer on the British Columbia property but results were not considered sufficiently encouraging to justify continuation. There is no work underway at present on the Todd township property in the Red Lake area. The company is marking time here evidently awaiting further results on the neighboring Heath Gold Mines. The latter met with some encouraging values in last season's work and now proposes an immediate start on a 5,000-foot diamond drilling campaign.

A.J.W., Port Credit, Ont. — Sales and earnings of the LAPRAIRIE CO. for the 12 months ending Dec. 31, 1946, will be substantially better than for the year 1945. Working capital position improved, with net current assets at Oct. 31, 1946, aggregating $291,013, contrasted with $269,920 the year before. The company operates five brick and tile plants in province of Quebec. Earnings for year ended Dec. 31, 1945, after all charges, totalled $3,319. Authorized and issued capital consists of 7,500 $100 par preferred shares and 50,000 no-par-value common shares.

J. R., Toronto, Ont.—Yes, I think shares of INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, at the current price level, offer investment attraction for the long-term. A small increase was shown in earnings for the first nine months this year, despite the fact that net sales were down 20% from the same period in 1945. As has been pointed out in Gold & Dross company officials expect the broadened uses for nickel will eventually change the earnings picture which had been downward for some years. Development and research postwar plans are being actively put into effect and these should assist in substantially increasing the peacetime appreciation for the products of the company. The projected expansion of output was recently effected, after some delays in securing the necessary supplies, and six of the reverberatory furnaces are now in use as compared with four since the cutback of 1945. As a consequence production will be slightly above the pre-war average, although still considerably below the high rate when the war was at its peak. Industrial expansion gives promise of broader markets and this activity was recently said to be reflected in greater sales of nickel and nickel products. As Dr. John F. Thompson, executive vice-president of the company, stated recently, "effectiveness of carefully prepared postwar plans is now being successfully tested."

J. D., Toronto, Ont.—It was intimated last spring when KIRKLAND TOWNSITE GOLD MINES issued its annual report that the company was likely to remain inactive and I have not since heard of resumption of exploration on the property, which adjoins Wright-Hargreaves on the south. In the fiscal year ended April 30, 1946, the company made a net profit of $9,652. The income is derived from rentals and the sale of bonds and stocks. The securities held by the company had a value of upwards of $170,000 at the year end. The investment portfolio includes holdings of shares in Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, Dome Mines, East Malartic, Hollinger, Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting, Malartic Gold Fields, McIntyre, Marcus, Noranda, Negus, Preston East Dome, San Antonio, Sullivan Consolidated, Sylvantie, Wright-Hargreaves and Dominion of Canada bonds.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

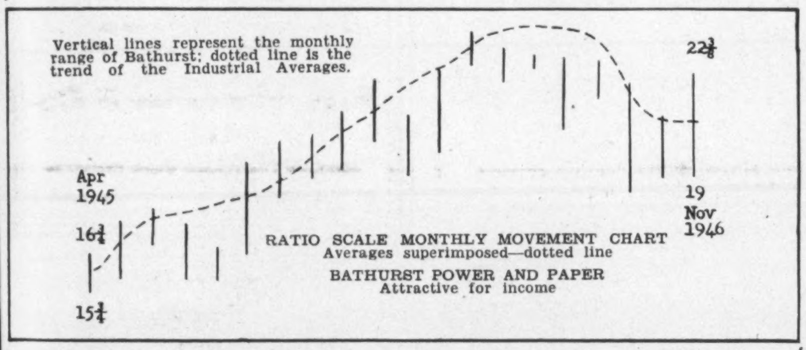
GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks 1. FAVORABLE
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments 2. NEUTRAL or
GROUP "C"—Speculations 3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

Bathurst Power and Paper Company Ltd.

			Averages		Bathurst	
PRICE 30 Nov. 46	—$22.37					
YIELD	— 4.4%	Last 1 month	Down	.3%	Up	11.8%
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 100	Last 12 months	Up	3.6%	Up	14.7%
GROUP	— "B"	1942-1946 range	Up	160.0%	Up	118.2%
FACTORS	—Neutral	1946 decline	Down	19.6%	Down	27.3%



SUMMARY: The class "A" shares of Bathurst Pulp and Paper Co. Ltd. have a certain attraction. These shares pay $1.00 annually at present but are entitled to $2.00 per share (non-cumulative) and then participate in an additional $2.00 per share should that amount be paid on the class "B" shares.

The Company has a kraft liner, pulp and paperboard mill and also a hydro-electric plant together with timber limits and subsidiary companies. This diversification of interest appears to make these shares less volatile than many others in the pulp and paper group.

While there is nothing to indicate any decided change in the habits of Bathurst "A" there is attraction in the gradual rise of the Investment Index during the past year which gives the hope of better dividends at some future date.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one half cents (37½c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Company, payable April 1st, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business February 28th, 1947.
By Order of the Board
W. C. BUTLER, Secretary.
Toronto, December 11, 1946.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after
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to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 14th instant.
By Order of the Board,
P. SIMMONDS
Manager.
5th December 1946.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Government Figures Show Native Companies in Strong Position

By GEORGE GILBERT

At one time many Canadian business men requiring substantial amounts of insurance of their properties were predisposed to insure with other than Canadian companies in the belief that the large and powerful outside institution, many with a world-wide spread of risks, afforded a greater degree of security.

In recent years it has been amply demonstrated that Canadian incorporated companies operating under Dominion registry furnish security fully on a par with that of any other of the strong companies or groups of companies transacting business in this country.

THERE was a time when Canadian insurance companies, particularly Canadian fire companies, were under more or less of a handicap in competing for business with the powerful British and foreign companies operating in this country, because of the prevailing impression that the native institutions did not afford the same degree of security as the strong outside companies with their enormous assets and with, in many cases, a world-wide spread of risks.

Whatever valid reason there may have been in the past for holding such a view has long since disappeared, as the security afforded for the risks assumed by Canadian incorporated companies as a whole operating under Dominion registry, has over a lengthy period not been excelled by any group of outside companies transacting business in the Dominion. It has been amply demonstrated that it is possible to organize fire and casualty, as well as life, insurance companies in Canada, and develop them into institutions which afford security to their policyholders fully on a par with that furnished by any of the other strong and sound companies operating in the country —a fact in which Canadians should take pride.

Assets and Liabilities

Government figures, recently made public, show that at December 31, 1945, the total assets of the 59 Canadian incorporated fire insurance companies under Dominion registry amounted to $124,423,928, as compared with $116,006,586 at the end of the previous year. Of these assets, $82,945,000 consisted of bonds and debentures; $12,706,623 of stocks; $11,904,724 of cash on hand and in banks or deposited with governments; $1,998,225 of loans on real estate; $1,982,240 of real estate; $679,550 of interest and rents due and accrued; $6,517,572 of agents' balances and premiums uncollected; $975,546 of deposits with trust companies, and $4,705,448 of other assets.

Their total liabilities, exclusive of paid up capital, amounted to $53,935,170, as compared with $48,839,074 at the close of 1944. These liabilities consisted of: Reserve for unsettled losses, $13,514,961; unearned premium reserve, $24,939,382; investment, contingent or general reserve funds, $5,455,863; sundry liabilities, $9,030,021; reserve and unpaid losses under unregistered reinsurance unsecured, $994,993. Thus there was a surplus as regards policyholders of $70,488,758. As the total paid up capital amounted to $18,522,740, there was a net surplus of $51,966,018 over capital, unearned premium and other reserves and all other liabilities.

Comparing the amount of the surplus as regards policyholders, $70,488,758, with the amount of the unearned premium reserve liability, $24,939,382, it will be seen that the Canadian companies as a whole occupy a very strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted. In fact, both collectively and individually they afford ample security for the fulfilment of all their contracts, and are entitled to the confidence of the insuring public in this country and wherever they carry on business.

Income and Outgo

Total income of the 59 Canadian companies in 1945 was $46,520,788, as compared with $42,524,632 in the previous year. The 1945 income was made up of: Net premiums written, $42,906,000; interest, rents and dividends on stocks, etc., earned, $3,614,788. Total expenditure amounted to $41,682,690, as compared with $39,104,216 in 1944. The 1945 expenditure was made up of: Net losses incurred, $19,532,598: taxes, $1,136,220; general expenses incurred, (commission and brokerage, $10,405,786, other, $7,666,908) $18,072,694; dividends or bonus declared to shareholders, $1,507,615.

There was accordingly an underwriting profit in 1945 of $1,517,656, as compared with an underwriting profit of $1,557,159 in the previous year. Not all of the 59 companies showed an underwriting profit in 1945, however, as 31 experienced an underwriting loss, ranging from $5 to $159,020, while in the case of those showing an underwriting profit, the profit ranged from $35 to $393,478.

With respect to the rate charged in Canada per $100 of insurance in 1945, the gross amount of insurance written by Canadian companies for a term of one year or less was $1,006,072,226, while the gross premiums charged were $7,613,468, or a rate of 76 cents per $100 of insurance, as compared with a rate of 74 cents per $100 in 1944. The gross amount written by British companies was $1,452,934,857, while the gross premiums charged were $9,481,041 or a rate of 65 cents per $100 of insurance, as compared with a rate of 57 cents per $100 in 1944. The gross amount written by United States and other foreign companies was $1,992,215,655, while the gross premiums charged were $14,022,692, or a rate of 70 cents per $100 of insurance, as compared with a rate of 61 cents per $100 in 1944.

In 1945 the gross amount of insurance written in Canada by Canadian companies for a term of two and three years was $1,301,575,878, while the gross premiums charged were $10,722,022, or a rate of 82 cents per $100 of insurance, as compared with a rate of 77 cents per $100 in 1944. The gross amount written by British companies was $1,669,989,094, while the gross premiums charged were $12,124,337, or a rate of 73 cents per $100 of insurance, as compared with a rate of 67 cents per $100 in 1944. The gross amount written by United States and other foreign companies was $2,008,732,224, while the gross premiums charged were $15,304,015, or a rate of 76 cents per $100 of insurance, as compared with a rate of 71 cents per $100 in 1944.

In 1945 the net premiums written in Canada by Canadian companies totalled $13,687,538, on which the commission and brokerage amounted to $3,103,709, or 22.68 per cent of the net premiums written, as compared with 22.65 per cent in 1944. The net premiums written in Canada by the British companies totalled $20,495,227, on which the commission and brokerage amounted to $5,553,616, or 27.10 per cent of the net premiums

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written, as compared with 26.73 per cent in 1944. The net premiums written in Canada by the United States and other foreign companies totalled $24,150,937, on which the commission and brokerage amounted to $6,125,151, or 25.36 per cent of the net premiums written, as compared with 25.70 per cent in 1944.

In 1945 the total income in Canada of the 71 British companies was $36,931,354, while their total expenditure amounted to $35,102,336. From the underwriting standpoint, as a whole they showed a loss of $1,470,139, as compared with an underwriting loss of $195,387 in 1944. The total income in Canada of the 137 United States and other foreign companies was $35,103,015, and their total expenditure, $32,239,251. From an underwriting standpoint, they showed a loss of $427,031, as compared with an underwriting loss of $2,574,454 in 1944.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like information as to the reliability of the following: Continental Casualty Company, Montreal, Que., and the Income Indemnity Agency, Hamilton Trust Bldg., Queen St. West, Toronto.

L.T.H., Timagami, Ont.

Continental Casualty Company, with head office at Chicago and Canadian head office at Toronto, has branch offices and agencies throughout Canada. It was incorporated in 1897 and has been doing business in Canada under Dominion registry since Nov. 6, 1917. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the exclusive protection of Canadian policyholders. Claims under its policies issued through any of its branch offices or agencies are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with. At the end of 1945 its total assets in Canada were $2,259,628, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $1,356,934, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $902,694. The Income Indemnity Agency, Toronto, is one of the company's agencies.

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page 27*)

ate the necessity for shipping them to the Tacoma smelter. The mill changes and need for advancing development will likely defer resumption of milling until next spring. Some 30,000 tons of broken ore are said available in the mine.

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With the declaration of $1.25 per share plus a bonus of $1 covering the last half of the current year, Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada — one of the largest mining and smelting organizations in the world — has established a new dividend record and brings the year's total to $4.25 a share. The payment will be made January 15, 1947, to shareholders of record December 16. Employees are also receiving Christmas bonuses and these are attributable to the substantial increase in earnings as a consequence of higher foreign prices for lead, zinc and silver, and to the higher sales of fertilizers and chemicals.

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The diamond drilling program to date on the Arseno property of Diversified Mining Interests (Canada) Limited, in the Indin Lake area, Northwest Territories, has indicated continuous vein structure in the No. 1 deposit for an explored length of 975 feet and to a depth of 450 to 500 feet. The vein is open at both the north and south ends and Dr. J. F. Wright, consulting geologist, states that the structure and mineralization at the north end is becoming stronger than was the case at the south end. This vein was estimated from shallow drilling to average 0.52 ounces per ton across a width of 3.2 feet and the program of deeper drilling underway since August has confirmed continuance of values to depth. A length of 3,000 feet of unexplored territory lies under the bay of Indin Lake, which is to be tested as soon as ice conditions permit drilling. At the north boundary of the property adjoining Lexindin, ore has been reported by that company on the strike of the Arseno zone. A complete mining plant has been assembled for sinking a shaft and this will be taken to the property from Yellowknife by tractor as soon as possible. The intention is to commence lateral work at the 300-foot level.

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Income of Proprietary Mines, Limited, is derived almost wholly from its holdings of Kerr-Addison Gold Mines, and net profit for the year ended August 31, 1946, amounted to $290,842. Six dividends totalling 30 cents per share were paid during the year aggregating $275,844. Net current assets were valued at $14,592,867, equivalent to $15.87 per share, with investment holdings taken at prevailing market quotations. A substantial interest is also held in Amalgamated Larder Mines and Laguerre Gold Mines. Other securities held, none of which have a quoted value, are Fort Roulle Mining Corporation, Larder Lake Land Company, Moosewood Gold Mines, Spooner Gold Mines, Canadian Reserve Mines and Crown Reserve Consolidated Mines. Total revenue for the year was $360,688, of which $303,922 was from dividends.

•

An operating loss of $19,460 was shown by Sladen-Malartic Mines in the third quarter of 1946, as compared with small operating profits in the two previous quarters. During the three months 31,106 tons were milled for a production of $102,992, as against 46,998 tons and (*Continued on Page 32*)

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Increase in

AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE RATES IN ONTARIO

Effective January 1, 1947

Due to the increase in traffic accidents and the cost of repairing automobiles it has been found necessary to make certain increases in Automobile Insurance rates for the Province of Ontario effective January 1, 1947.

Following the termination of gasoline rationing, rate adjustments were made restoring premiums, generally speaking, to pre-war levels. However, the average cost of Bodily Injury, Property Damage or Collision losses has increased since 1939 from 15% to 40%, depending upon the type of coverage.

In the first nine months of 1946 traffic accidents have increased 36% over the first nine months of 1945.

Comparison of Traffic Accidents in Ontario

First Nine Months	1945	1946	Increase
Accidents	8,683	11,866	36%
Property damage (to Aug. 31)	$1,179,574	$1,891,635	60%
Persons killed	385	453	17%
Persons injured	6,563	8,707	32%
Cars registered	656,563	689,672	5%

If traffic accidents and loss costs continue to increase, it is inevitable that Automobile insurance rates will have to be raised still further.

There will be an increase in rates in Bodily Injury, Property Damage and Collision premiums, and a decrease in Fire and Theft premiums in certain territories. These changes in rates will not affect existing policies until their renewal.

Full particulars about the new rates may be obtained from your insurance agent.

Published by the Insurance Companies, Members of

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INDEPENDENT AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CONFERENCE

2-46

100 Years of Canada's Electric Telegraph

By FRANK E. CROFT

One hundred years ago this week, on December 19, 1846, Canada's first electric telegraph service was inaugurated between Toronto and Hamilton on the wire of the newly-formed Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Company. An exchange of greetings was to become today's gigantic web of more than 250,000 miles of wire.

Today, automatic printers can simultaneously send and receive as many as 72 messages on one channel to a capacity of more than 8,000 words a minute.

WHAT Mayor William Boulton of Toronto said to Mayor Colin Ferrie of Hamilton on December 19, 1846, and the reply he received have not been as carefully recorded as, say, the homilies exchanged between the governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina. Although the actual words have been lost, the reason for the exchange is of interest now, as their messages were carried over the first electric telegraph system in Canada.

This week marks the centennial of the Canadian telegraph. The growth of this service from a single one-way wire connecting Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls to the present nation-wide network of more than 250,000 miles of wire is as phenomenal as that of any industry in the land. It compares with—in fact is complementary to the railroads—in its role in promoting our industrial and social development.

The Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and Niagara Falls Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Company was organized by T. B. Harris, a Toronto hardware merchant, early in 1846. The company was capitalized at £4,000 and late that year the wire was ready for public use. The Toronto office was located in the City Hall, where the St. Lawrence market buildings now stand.

For a long time the telegraph was considered more of a curiosity than a business and social instrument. During the first five years of operation the Toronto office handled an average of only 14 messages a day.

After the Mayors of Toronto and Hamilton had their polite greetings sent over the wire, a Hamilton merchant became the first commercial customer and made good use of the new gadget by asking a Toronto customer to pay his bill! Canadian journalists can take pride in the now unknown Hamilton scribe who used the telegraph seven days after it had been opened to send the Toronto *Globe* a 200-word story of a fire which razed a city block. The Hamilton reporter was just a few weeks behind the New York *Herald* which first used the electric telegraph for the transmission of an important political speech from Washington.

In the earliest days of telegraph transmission the instruments printed the messages in Morse code on a strip of paper resembling a ticker tape. In time the operators learned to read the messages without looking at the tape, so familiar had the distinct sounds of the printer become in spelling out its dots and dashes. This led to the abolition of the tape and receiving by sound only.

The absorption of the T.H. St. C. & N.F. Company by the Montreal Telegraph Co. increased the service to an area encompassed by Quebec City, Windsor and Huntsville. The wires branched farther afield as the Montreal Telegraph Company gave way to the Great North Western and by the turn of the century every community in the country of any importance had the rest of the world at its elbow by means of the telegrapher's "bug".

Edison's genius had produced the quadruplex system of transmission in 1874, by which four messages could be sent simultaneously on one wire, two each way. The next year a Frenchman, Baudot, was able to send five messages in one direction simultaneously. From this point onward the line load was increased to the present 48 two-channel carrier system.

In 1921 the Canadian National Telegraph Company inherited the lines and franchises of the Great North Western, the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific telegraph companies.

Teletype Introduced

The teletype machine, which prints the message directly from the sender, was first used by the Great North Western Company in 1914. It is now in general use in all large centres.

The first regular quotation service by telegraph was in 1876 when a few Toronto business houses subscribed to a daily service from the Chicago Grain Exchange. These quotations were handled as ordinary commercial messages, being run by messenger from the Chicago pit to the Western Union's offices nearby and transmitted to the Toronto office of the Great North Western, and delivered by messengers to the subscribers. It was not until 1901 that direct wires from both the Chicago Grain Exchange and the New York Stock Exchange were brought right into Canadian brokers' offices.

The old Toronto *Globe* was probably the first paper to use the electric telegraph for the filing of copy from a war correspondent. In 1885 the *Globe* sent Stewart Lyon to cover the North West Rebellion. His stories were filed from Winnipeg via Chicago, Detroit and Windsor to Toronto. The Great North Western Company sent two crack operators to the 'Peg to help Lyon clear his copy.

Five years later, at the famous Birchall murder trial at Woodstock, 30 wires were strung into the court house building to handle the file.

The stringing of extra wires directly to sports competitions and other events of interest was a fairly early practice. George Hogarth, when Toronto manager of the Great Western put the first wire into Woodbine Park sometime in the '80's. Sending apparatus was set up on the rowing courses where the great Hanlan sculled his way to world-wide fame.

In 1910 the day letter, at one and one half times the rate of the fast 10 word straight wire, was inaugurated in Canada and the next year the night letter of 50 words for the cost of a straight ten-word message.

Today, 100 years after the first dot and dash messages stuttered over their one-way single wire, automatic printers handle up to 72 messages each way to a capacity of 8,600 words a minute. And when industry warrants, an even greater capacity can be developed.

News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 31)

$176,116 in the previous quarter. The lower tonnage milled and decline in production reflected a further decrease in the men on the payroll. Production was also affected by the loss of the premium on the Canadian exchange rate. The 500-foot level east drift from the No. 1 shaft was advanced 220 feet with encouraging drift assays.

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McMarmac Red Lake Gold Mines, where milling was suspended over two years ago, has plans for resuming production by next June. The plant and 75-ton mill have been kept in good operating condition and hydro power never turned off. Financing arrangements are reported which will provide more than sufficient funds to return the mine to the producing ranks. Some excellent values have been reported from underground work. Two holes drilled from the third level to 515 feet vertical depth recently showed visible gold in the core. To date this is the deepest point at which ore conditions have been found.

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